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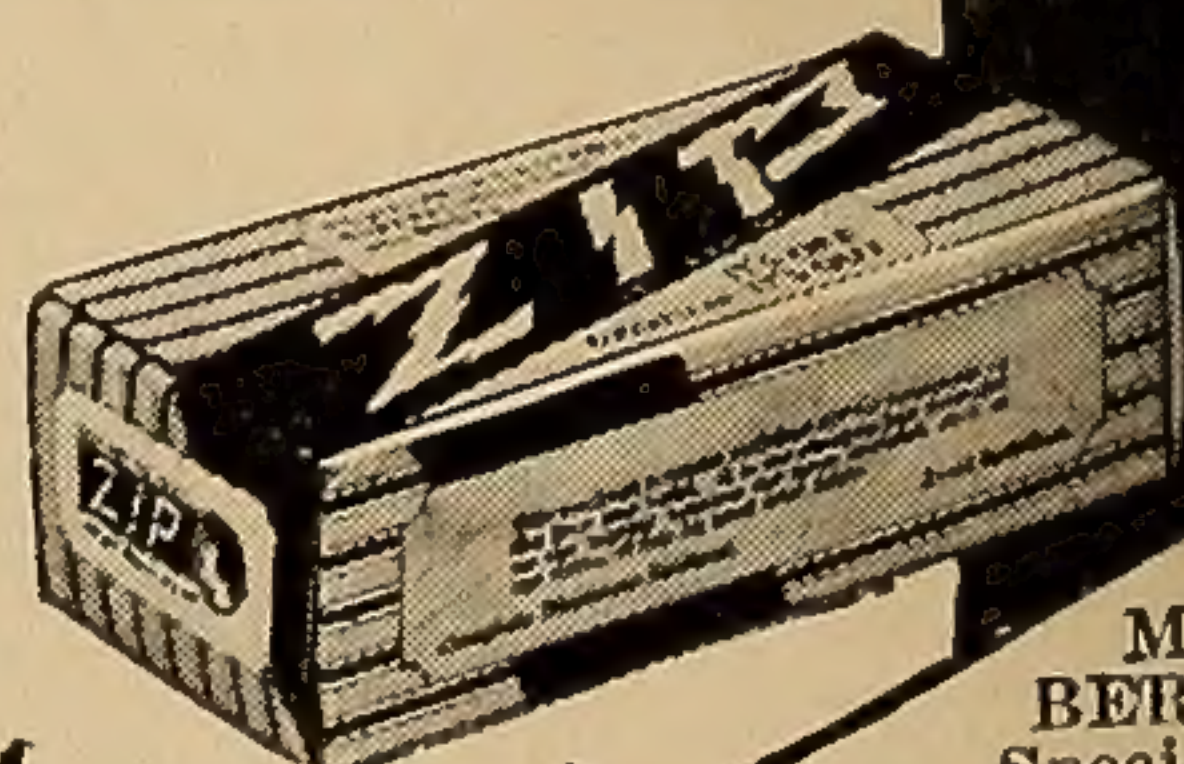
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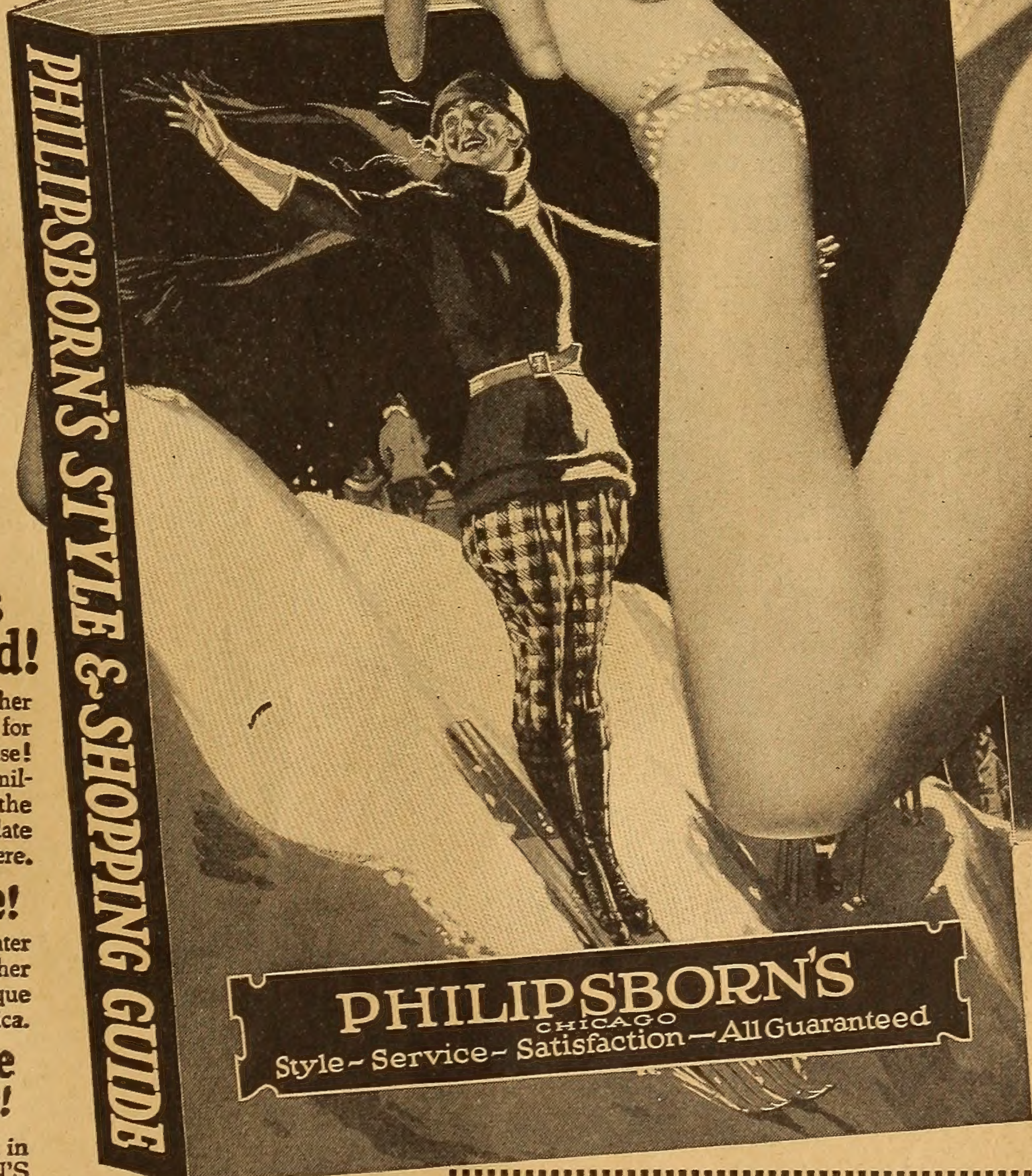
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With Paramount Week the greatest motion picture season the world ever saw gets well under way.

After years of experimentation the art of the screen is coming to perfection.

The year just passed has been one of extraordinary development. A single incident has been the advance showing by Paramount of the greatest photoplay ever made, "The Covered Wagon."

And now in Paramount Week you have the opportunity for a grand review of 1923's achievements and a pre-view of the great Paramount Pictures coming.

Celebrate Paramount Week at your own theatre as millions have during five previous annual Paramount Weeks.

A few of the great Paramount Pictures of the Past Season

RODOLPH VALENTINO in "Blood and Sand." A Fred Niblo Production.

CECIL B. DE MILLE'S "Man-slaughter," with Thomas Meighan, Leatrice Joy and Lois Wilson.

"THE OLD HOMESTEAD," with Theodore Roberts. A James Cruze Production.

A George Fitzmaurice Production, **"TO HAVE AND TO HOLD,"** with Betty Compson and Bert Lytell.

A William deMille Production, **"CLARENCE,"** with Wallace Reid, Agnes Ayres and May McAvoy.

THOMAS MEIGHAN in "Back Home and Broke."

A George Fitzmaurice Production, **"KICK IN,"** with Betty Compson and Bert Lytell.

A George Melford Production, **"JAVA HEAD,"** with Leatrice Joy, Jacqueline Logan and Raymond Hatton.

BETTY COMPSOn in "The White Flower."

AGNES AYRES in "Racing Hearts," with Theodore Roberts and Richard Dix.

POLA NEGRI in a George Fitzmaurice Production, **"BELLA DONNA."** Supported by Conway Tearle, Conrad Nagel and Lois Wilson.

A William deMille Production, **"GRUMPY,"** with May McAvoy, Theodore Roberts and Conrad Nagel.

GLORIA SWANSON in "Prodigal Daughters." A Sam Wood Production.

THOMAS MEIGHAN in "The Ne'er-Do-Well."

BEBE DANIELS and Antonio Moreno in "THE EXCITERS."

A William deMille Production, **"ONLY 38,"** with Lois Wilson, May McAvoy, George Fawcett.

A Herbert Brenon Production, **"THE WOMAN WITH FOUR FACES,"** with Betty Compson and Richard Dix.

"CHILDREN OF JAZZ," with Theodore Kosloff, Ricardo Cortez, Robert Cain and Eileen Percy.

JACK HOLT in "A Gentleman of Leisure."

DOROTHY DALTON in "The Law of the Lawless," supported by Charles de Roche and Theodore Kosloff.

THOMAS MEIGHAN in "Homeward Bound."

A few of the Great Paramount Pictures of the New Season

A James Cruze production
"HOLLYWOOD"
with 22 real stars and 56 screen celebrities

POLA NEGRI
in A George Fitzmaurice Production
"THE CHEAT"
with Jack Holt, supported by
Charles deRoche

GLORIA SWANSON
in A Sam Wood Production
"BLUEBEARD'S EIGHTH WIFE"
"THE PURPLE HIGHWAY"
with Madge Kennedy

A William deMille Production
"SPRING MAGIC"
with Agnes Ayres and Jack Holt

A James Cruze Production
"RUGGLES OF RED GAP"

A Zane Grey Production
"TO THE LAST MAN"
with Richard Dix and Lois Wilson

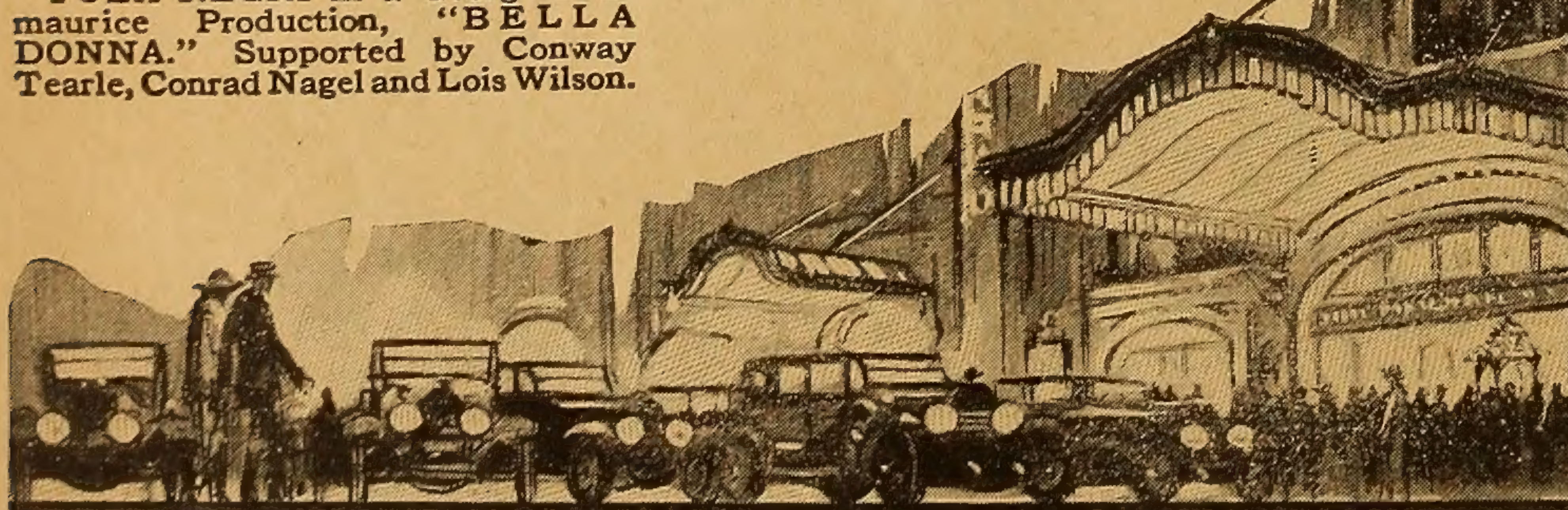
A George Melford Production
"SALOMY JANE"
with Jacqueline Logan

A Charles Maigne Production
"THE SILENT PARTNER"
with Leatrice Joy, Owen Moore
and Robert Edeson

An Allan Dwan Production
"LAWFUL LARCENY"
with Hope Hampton, Nita Naldi,
Conrad Nagel and Lew Cody

An Allan Dwan Production
GLORIA SWANSON
in **"ZAZA"**

THOMAS MEIGHAN
in **"ALL MUST MARRY"**



Paramount Pictures

If it's a Paramount Picture it's the best show in town

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Screenland

a Magazine of Young Ideas

AUG 11 1923



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STUDIOS and ADDRESSES

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 Balboa Studio..... East Long Beach, Calif.
 Berwillia Studios
5821 Santa Monica Blvd., Hollywood
 Century Film Corp.
6100 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood
 Chas. Chaplin Studios
La Brae Ave., Hollywood
 Christie Comedies
6101 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood
 Irvings Cummings Prod.
1729 Highland Ave., Hollywood
 Doubleday Productions
Sunset & Bronson Ave., Hollywood
 Ferdinand Earle Productions
Hollywood Studios, Hollywood
 Wm. Fox West Coast Studios
1417 N. Western Ave., Hollywood
 Fine Arts Studio ..4500 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood
 J. L. Frothingham Prod.
United Studios, Hollywood
 Garson Studios1845 Glendale Blvd., Glendale
 Goldwyn Studio Culver City
 Great Western Producing Co.
6100 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood
 Thos. H. Ince Productions Culver City
 Lasky Studios....1520 Vine Street, Los Angeles
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3800 Mission Road, Los Angeles
 Metro Studio
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 Morosco Productions
3800 Mission Road, Los Angeles
 Bud Osborne Productions
6514 Romaine Street, Hollywood
 Pacific Studios Corp.San Mateo, Calif.
 Pickford-Fairbanks Studio
Santa Monica Blvd., Hollywood
 Pacific Film Co. Culver City
 Principal Pictures United Studios, Hollywood
 R. D. Film Corp.... Balboa Studios, Long Beach
 Chas. Ray Studios Hollywood, Cal.
 Realart Studio .. 201 N. Occidental, Los Angeles
 Robertson-Cole Productions
Melrose and Gower, Hollywood
 Russel-Griever-Russell
6070 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood
 Hal E. Roach Studio Culver City
 Morris R. Schrank Productions
6050 Sunset, Hollywood
 Jos. Schenck Prod. .. United Studios, Hollywood
 Schulberg Productions
3800 Mission Road, Los Angeles
 Sennett Studios Edendale, Los Angeles
 Selig-Rork 3800 Mission Road, Los Angeles
 Universal Studio Universal City, Calif.
 King Vidor Prod. Ince Studios, Culver City
 Vitagraph Studio ...1708 Talmadge, Los Angeles
 Warner Bros. Studio
Sunset & Bronson, Hollywood
 Ben Wilson Productions
 Berwillia Studios, East Long Beach, Calif.

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 International Film2478 2nd Ave., N. Y. C.
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 Pathe 1900 Park Avenue, N. Y. C.
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"I hate you! I hate you! Go away! I love only Billee," exclaimed Trilby.

But Svengali only laughed, for he knew the magic of his own strange, hypnotic powers that charmed and fascinated even while it repelled.

Here is a picture that while it carries a note of the tragic, a touch of the evil, fascinating genius of Svengali whose mysterious powers makes a prima donna of a Paris street waif only to break her on the rocks of unhappiness, yet, at the same time, it is filled with the joyous, bubbling life of the Paris Latin quarter and the glamorous, care free ways of the artist colony. A story that is famous the world over.

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"TRILBY"

With the
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Directed by
**JAMES
 YOUNG**



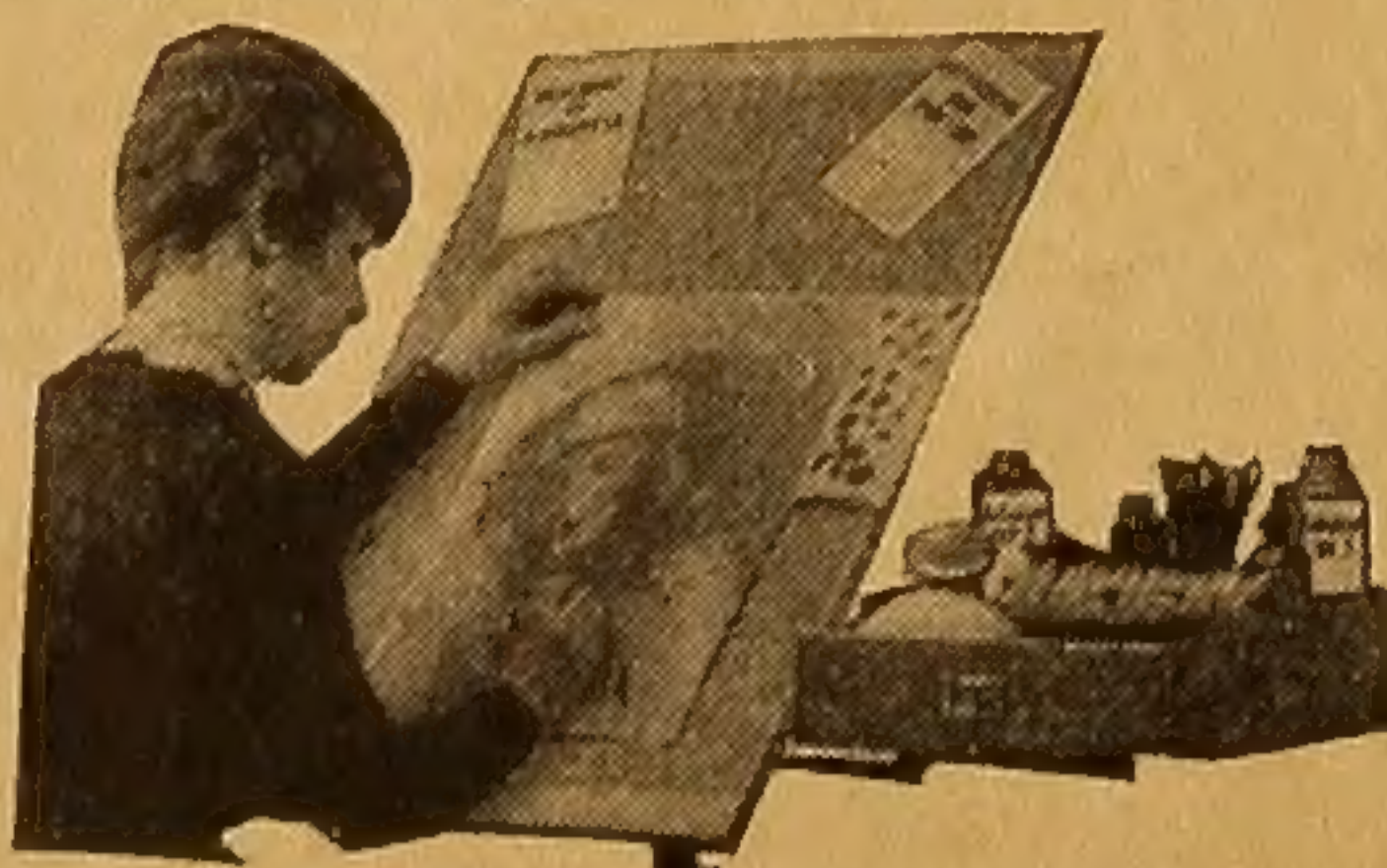
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HOLLYWOOD CONFESSIONS

September Issue Out August 15

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Part One of the most intriguing, cynical, whimsical story of marriage and divorce that has even been written about Hollywood, or any other community.

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The second of a series of three stories of a famous blackmail and bootleg ring, which flourished in Hollywood until the accomplice of the bootlegger could stand no more—and went after his chief with a vengeance. We call this chapter THE BLACK BOOK.

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If Burke who wrote "Limehouse Nights" reads this story, he will say that the author has done that for Hollywood—begun a series of "Hollywood Nights" tragedies, which will wring your heart. A poignant story of love and grief.

—A LABYRINTH OF DECEIT—

A story of lies and love, deceit and beauty, out of which a true romance flowers like a white hyacinth in a coal yard.

—THE THIRD EYE—

A case where spiritualism comes to the aid of the law, when a little studio slavery goes into a trance and visions the crime which had baffled the police.

—LING FOO'S "CHICKENS"—

He loved his daughter, guarded her as a priest cherishes the shrine of the Virgin; but he had no respect for other women's chastity. Then came retribution, in ghastly form—a true story of poetic justice.

—A FEMALE SHYLOCK—

A humorous story of Hollywood intrigue, told by a famous specialist in weight-reducing. If the author ever fails in her own line of business, she ought to be able to get a job as Ring Lardner's successor. Yes, it's that funny.

—QUEEN OF THRILLS—

The story of the star who yearned to forget fame and live simply and in the full glory of wifehood and motherhood is well known to Hollywood. Here you have it—the story of the "Queen of Thrills" who wanted to marry a lumberjack.

—AN ELEPHANT OPERA—

When Charlie the Elephant ran amuck on a motion picture set, a star paid with her life. Yet that star is living today—and is well and happy, except when she dreams of a huge beast leaping over her prone body. Read this amazing story in September HOLLYWOOD CONFESSIONS and find the solution.

—CHEATING THE LAW—

When Innocence and Guileless Beauty knock at the door of the fake screen agent, strange things happen.

* * *

Every story gorgeously illustrated with photographs posed exclusively for this magazine by motion picture players.

HOLLYWOOD CONFESSIONS

True Stories of Movie Adventure

25 cents On All Newsstands 25 cents

About a girl who couldn't stop loving

"One of the 'biggest' pictures made in years is 'The White Rose' because it is so very, very human... comes as near being a REAL picture as we have seen in years... It is an unqualified success... and Mae Marsh reaches out and twangs away at a mighty sad little symphony on one's heart strings, and never strikes a discord."

—Don. Allen in Eve. World.

"Aimed straight at your heart, it hits the mark—boldly tearing away the old dual standard of morals, and showing man accepting blame for the sin along with the woman—inspiring and moving—One of the finest things D. W. Griffith has ever made. And if you want to see art in the cinema, see Mae Marsh as 'Teasie.'"

—Quinn Martin in the World.

"It easily ranks with the most important pictures made in America. The acting is magnificent; as fine as the screen can boast."—The Sun. "The White Rose' is indeed a triumph for its splendid cast."

—P. W. Gallico in The News.

"It is the best picture Mr. Griffith has made since 'The Birth of a Nation'—Try as you may to resist its appeal, it will make you smile, laugh and weep—The dawning of love between the preacher and this flowerlike girl magnificent, one of the most gloriously beautiful passages in all Mr. Griffith's pictures—Once you are into the heart of the story, it is inescapable."

—Leo Pollock, Eve. Journal.

"A singularly fine picture—and the treatment of the big dramatic moments is superb—It is beautified and exalted by the presence of that exquisite creature, Mae Marsh, the divinely inspired. The scenes are marvelously beautiful."

—Robert Sherwood in The Herald.

"For Griffith is a great poet."

—Max Reinhardt, famous German Producer.

"Another pictorial and sentimental gem—Doubtful if the Magician Griffith has ever done anything finer—An unusually superior picture, and one that reaches the heart with its presentation of a new angle of the moral code; and establishes the dual responsibility in the moral code in which the woman pays perhaps, but not alone."

—Journal of Commerce.

"Again 'The White Rose' proves Griffith the master of the screen technique—sways the audience—a very human bit of life with a very strong heart appeal."

—Morning Telegraph.

"The White Rose' is sermon, poem, and great love drama, all in one, with laughter full of tears—presenting the big moments in little lives; beauty in simple and even sordid things; the basic principle in which the world—yours and mine—actually moves. It sends one home with something unforgettable, with a heart hunger for a better humanity."

—Sophie Irene Loeb, famous publicist and president of the Child Welfare Board.

D. W. GRIFFITH'S

"The White Rose"

For Release by the United Artists Corporation



Here is the Winning Title!

"Home, after a long run."

Submitted by: W. H. Charlton,
20 Shiland Street,
Helena, Montana.

This title was selected from among the thousands submitted in SCREENLAND'S recent contest for a title to fit the above picture. The judges were so overwhelmed with the great number of answers that we were forced to postpone the announcement of prize winners a month.

The following titles were adjudged second, third and fourth best:

SECOND: "The Rent Problem."

Submitted by: Mrs. Gertrude M. Sholes,
6427 Repton Street,
Los Angeles, California.

THIRD: "Dangerous Curves Ahead."

Submitted by: Mrs. Walter Scott,
633 E. Colfax,
Denver, Colo.

FOURTH: "As Ye Sew, So Shall We Peep."

This title was submitted by the following three contestants, all of whom received prizes:

Mrs. E. V. Blanchard,
Powhatan Hotel,
Washington, D. C.

H. B. Carbray,
Stedman Hotel,
Ketchikan, Alaska.

E. B. West,
12 Cleveland Place,
Lockport, New York.

It will be interesting to the contestants to know that a great many people sent in the same titles. The one which was repeated oftenest was, "A Stitch In Time Saves Nine," and the second favorite was, "A Run On The First National Bank."

"Inside Stuff"

*Nothing Less Than Geniuses,
We'll Say*

IT was hot. The huge enclosed stage whereon Viola Dana and the members of her company were working on *Rouged Lips* was like an enormous dry kiln, with the furnaces going full blast.

"I guess you might call this warm," conceded Tom Moore, who is supporting Viola in this picture, "but it doesn't compare with the way it gets down in Missouri. One summer it got so hot that the river dried up and the town fire department worked day and night throwing water into it with buckets to keep the ferry running."

"That may be hot for Missouri," said the cameraman, "but it doesn't compare with Central America. I was down there with a film company one winter—I remember it was during the winter—when it was so hot that we had to put asbestos shoes on and the hens all laid hard-boiled eggs."

"I never heard of anything like that," said Harold Shaw, the director, "but I did read that it got so hot in the summer of '97 down in the Imperial Valley that the anvil in a blacksmith's shop there melted and ran right out of the door into the street."

"That is certainly interesting," said Arline Pretty, "because I've often heard my father tell of the time, back in Indiana, when the heat became so intense that the corn in the fields began to pop. And that isn't all. The cows, poor things, thought it was snowing, and they all froze to death."

"That'll be about enough," interposed Viola. "If any of you are talking for my benefit, you can continue the discussion at the beach, just south of Crystal Pier. That's where I'm going right now."

A Slight Difference in Opinion

IT's interesting to observe the different audience reactions to actors in different towns. In one city, a star may be a riot, and in the next village, she may be a terrible flop, dead but unburied. For instance, here are two reviews of *The Young Rajah*, sent in by two different theatre managers.

The manager of a theatre in Glasgow, Montana, says: "Just a fair program picture wherein Valentino does his finishing act. This star is dead here. No drawing power. Business Poor."

And right next to this review, we find the comment of an exhibitor in Wayne, Neb.:
(Continued on page 9)

"Inside Stuff"

(Continued from page 8)

"Many told me that this is the best thing Rudy ever did, and I had swell business on it. The old ones, the flappers and the young ones come out to see Rodolph with his soulful eyes. He certainly brings in the money for me."

It's everyone to his taste, as Barbara La Marr said, when she picked a red-headed actor for her fifth husband.

Now You Stop!

OSCAR APFEL, who is to direct Viola Dana in her next picture, is filling in the time of waiting by casting the players for his stage production of *Morphine*, which is to be shown at a Los Angeles theatre. The other day a pretty young thing tripped up to him and asked if she couldn't play the title role.

"I'm afraid not," said Apfel soberly, "because if you did, you'd be a drug on the market."

Boston is Slipping

THE bodies of the reverend Boston elders must be turning in their graves. When Rex Ingram made *Where the Pavement Ends*, he shot two endings: the logical and dramatic unhappy ending which his intelligence demanded, and a sugar-sweet rice-and-orange-blossoms ending which his bosses demanded. And all the crude cities like Chicago and Portland chose to show the unhappy ending. But Boston, the home of culture and codfish, demanded the saccharine ending!

How to be Happy Though Divorced

KING and Florence Vidor, being heralded as one of Hollywood's few prize matrimonial couples, have come to the parting of the ways. They aren't going to stay married, and yet they aren't going to be divorced. They are going to keep their friendship, they say, by seeing each other less often. When boredom comes in the door, love flies out the window, they claim.

Not So Simple

PHYLLIS HAVER stepped out and bought a town lot the other day, and the next day she sold it for a profit of \$5,000. Nobody can ever call Phyllis a sweet simple little thing again. She's sweet enough, but not so simple.

On the Ingram Set

SUCH gorgeous gowns as to make the feminine heart envious are being worn in Rex

(Continued on page 98)

The Greatest Message ever written into Motion Picture History



David Belasco's
Artistic influence
in
Motion Pictures

DAVID BELASCO—the man who for a generation has captivated patrons of the Spoken Drama—has yielded to the insistent appeal that his dramatic genius should be perpetuated in Motion Pictures for the entertainment and inspiration of all people for all time.

And BELASCO has chosen to express his matchless art exclusively through

"Warner Bros. Classics of The Screen"

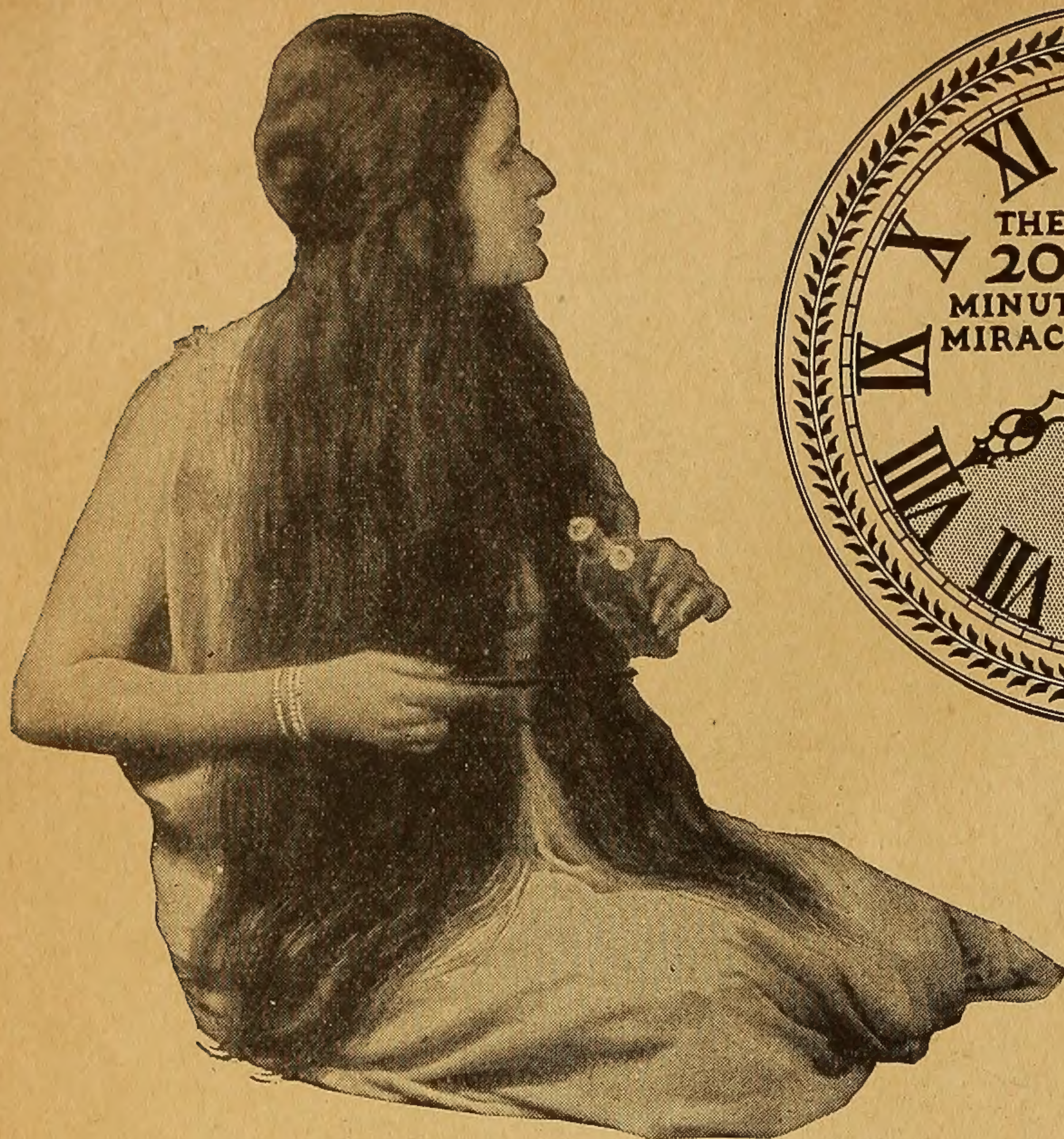
Now you will see pictures so beyond-the-ordinary that you will forget the canvas before you and feel the heart-grip of the master producer.

DAVID BELASCO'S association with WARNER BROS. is the long-sought triumph of the Silent Drama—the final proof of Warner leadership.

Watch for the first three Belasco productions—"Tiger Rose"—"The Gold Diggers"—"Daddies".

Autographed photograph of David Belasco sent free on request.

WARNER BROS. PICTURES, INC., 1600 Broadway
New York



Marvelous New Spanish Liquid Makes any hair naturally curly in 20 minutes

The Spanish Beggar's Priceless Gift

by Winnifred Ralston

FROM the day we started to school, Charity Winthrop and I were called the tousled-hair twins. Our hair simply wouldn't behave.

As we grew older the hated name still clung to us. It followed us through the grades and into boarding school. Then Charity's family moved to Spain and I didn't see her again until last New Year's eve.

A party of us had gone to the Drake Hotel for dinner that night. As usual I was terribly embarrassed and ashamed of my hair.

Horribly self-conscious I was sitting at the table, scarcely touching my food, wishing I were home. It seemed that everyone had wonderful, lustrous, curly hair but me and I felt they were all laughing—or worse, pitying me behind my back.

My eyes strayed to the dance floor and there I saw a beautiful girl dancing with Tom Harvey. Her eye caught mine and to my surprise she smiled and started toward me.

About this girl's face was a halo of golden curls. I think she had the most beautiful hair I ever saw. My face must have turned scarlet as I compared it mentally with my own straggly, ugly mop.

Of course you have guessed her identity—Charity Winthrop, who once had dull straight hair like mine.

It had been five long years since I had seen her. But I simply couldn't wait. I blurted out—"Charity Winthrop—tell me—what miracle has happened to your hair?"

She smiled and said mysteriously, "Come to my room and I will tell you the whole story."

*Charity tells of the
beggar's gift*

"Our house in Madrid faced a little, old plaza where I often strolled after my siesta.



A Matchless Marcel

"Miguel, the beggar, always occupied the end bench of the south end of the plaza. I always dropped a few centavos in his hat when I passed and he soon grew to know me.

"The day before I left Madrid I stopped to bid him goodby and pressed a gold coin in his palm."

"*Hija mia*," he said, "You have been very kind to an old man. *Digamelo* (tell me) *senorita*, what it is your heart most desires."

"I laughed at the idea, then said jokingly, 'Miguel, my hair is straight and dull. I would have it lustrous and curly.'"

"*Oigame, senorita*," he said—"Many years ago a Castilian prince was wedded to a Moorish beauty. Her hair was black as a raven's wing and straight as an arrow. Like you, this lady wanted *los pelos rizos* (curly hair). Her husband offered thousands of *pesos* to the man who would fulfill her wish. The prize fell to Pedro the *droguero*. Out of roots and herbs he brewed a potion that converted the princess' straight, unruly hair into a glorious mass of ringlet curls.

"Pedro, son of the son of Pedro, has that secret today. Years ago I did him a great service. Here you will find him, go to him and tell your wish."

"I called a *coche* and gave the driver the address Miguel had given me.

"At the door of the apothecary shop, a funny old hawk-nosed Spaniard met me. I stammered out my explanation. When I finished, he bowed and vanished into his store. Presently he returned and handed me a bottle.

"Terribly excited—I could hardly wait until I reached home. When I was in my room alone, I took down my hair and applied the liquid as directed. In twenty minutes, not one second more, the transformation, which you have noted, had taken place.

"Come, Winnifred—apply it to your own hair and see what it can do for you."

Twenty minutes later as I looked into Charity's mirror I could hardly believe my eyes. The impossible had happened. My dull, straight hair had wound itself into curling tendrils. My head was a mass of ringlets and waves. It shone with a lustre it never had before.

You can imagine the amazement of the others in the party when I returned to the ballroom. Everybody noticed the change. Never did I have such a glorious night. I was popular. Men clustered about me. I had never been so happy. My hair was curly and beautiful.

I asked Charity's permission to take a sample of the Spanish liquid to my cousin at the Century Laboratories. For days he worked, analyzing the liquid. Finally, he solved the problem, isolated the two Spanish herbs, the important ingredients.

They experimented on fifty women and the results were simply astounding. Now the Century Chemists are prepared to supply the wonderful Spanish Curling Liquid to women everywhere.



Lovely Curls

Take advantage of their generous trial offer—

I told my cousin I did not want one penny for the information I had given him. I did make one stipulation, however. I insisted that he introduce the discovery by selling it for a limited time at actual laboratory cost plus postage so that as many women as possible could take advantage of it. This he agreed to do.

Don't delay another day. For the Century Chemists guarantee satisfaction or refund your money.

Free Distribution of \$3.50 Bottles (ONLY ONE TO A FAMILY)

We are offering for a limited time only, no-profit distribution of the regular \$3.50 size of our Spanish Curling Liquid.

The actual cost of preparing and compounding this Spanish Curling Fluid, including bottling, packing and shipping is \$1.87. We have decided to ship the first bottle to each new user at actual cost price.

You do not have to send one penny in advance. Merely fill out the coupon below—then pay the postman \$1.87 plus the few cents postage, when he delivers the liquid. If you are not satisfied in every way, even this low laboratory fee will be refunded promptly. This opportunity may never appear again. Miss Ralston urges that you take advantage of it at once.



Wavy Bob

CENTURY CHEMISTS

(Originators of the famous 40 Minute Beauty Clay)
Century Bldg., Chicago

Send No Money—Simply Sign and Mail Coupon

CENTURY CHEMISTS Dept. 385
Century Bldg., Chicago

Please send me in plain wrapper, by insured parcel post, a full size \$3.50 bottle of Liquid Marcelle (Spanish Curling Liquid). I will pay postman \$1.87, plus few cents postage, on delivery, with the understanding that if, after a five-day trial, I am not elated with the results from this magic curling fluid, I may return the unused contents in the bottle, and you will immediately return my money in full.

Name

Street

Town..... State.....

If apt to be out when postman calls, you may enclose \$2 with coupon, and Liquid Marcelle will be sent you postpaid.



by BEBE DANIELS
EDWARD THAYER MONROE



LILA LEE
by EDWARD THAYER MONROE



by AGNES AYRES
EDWARD THAYER MONROE



by ALICE JOYCE
EDWARD THAYER MONROE

The Brain BOOTLEGGGER

By Helen Starr

THE first movie ever made had no plot to steal. It showed a train coming down a track. That was all.

But that was long ago. The infant industry has rolled out of its cradle and has begun to howl, like Thomas Aristides, for long pants.

Do the studios steal plots? I have been asked that question hundreds of times by ambitious scenario writers, who fear to trust their precious brain children to light-fingered producers.

Where there is so much smoke there is usually some fire. Not so much as the imaginative on-lookers picture. But some.

Ideas are difficult to safeguard. They are also valuable. And brain bootleggers are not averse to making away with them, when they can do so safely. But the brain bootleggers aren't all in the studios. Not by any means.

The studios are just as suspicious of scenario writers as scenario writers are of the studios. Studio officials have lived and suffered. Just ask them!

Light Fingred Adaptors

A STUDIO reader can't read everything that is published. And every so often a scenario comes in that sounds like a real hunch. It has punch, good situations, heart, interest, everything. In high glee the reader sends it on to the department head, who perhaps sends it on to the producer for okeh. The producer, whose reading is confined to his bank book and the Police Gazette, okehs it.

And then, it is screened and widely advertised. And just when it is about to be released, some author writes in and says that the plot was stolen bodily from his story that appeared in the Adventure magazine, perhaps, and would the producer please remit umpteen thousand dollars or have the picture attached. The writer of the scenario had done a little bootlegging on his own account, and the producer who bought it paid the bill.

That's one reason why you find it so hard to sell your scenarios. A producer who has been once bitten is several hundred times shy of "originals." He demands stories that have been published, so that he knows he is buying direct from headquarters.

This brain bootlegging on the part of scenario writers dates back from the early days.

The first story plots just sprang from the ground, like grass plots. Somebody discovered a sawmill, and presto! the company shot a lumberjack story. A studio helper knew where a four-masted schooner could be rented cheap. Then

Do the Studios steal plots? I have been asked that question hundreds of times by ambitious scenario writers, who fear to trust their precious brain children to light-fingered producers. This article seeks to state fairly both sides of the question.

a one-reel sea story was produced. If a well with a moss-covered bucket was located, five hundred feet of New England romance was manufactured. The plots were simple affairs that a child could write.

Then Beansville and Greenburg and all the other little towns began to order canned amusement sent by express. Directors had to sit up nights to write enough plots to keep the camera cranks turning during the day. There was a big market for free lance writers.

Nice old ladies, when apprised of this easy money, would get the old copies of the Ladies Home Journal out of the attic, shake off the dust that had been gathering for a decade, and neatly lift the plots of the stories.

By naming the heroine Sadie instead of Ethel, and re-locating the setting, these dear old things felt that they had written a brand-new story. Famous plays were stolen, too.

After *Under Cover* made a success, the market was flooded with scenarios built about a personage who was believed to be a crook until the last reel disclosed him as a detective. Other stage successes were similarly copied.

No editor lives who has read everything in print. No wonder a crafty public received checks for stolen ideas, until a sheaf of lawsuits made the studios more wary.

Studio Bootlegging

AND the studios themselves were not wholly guiltless. Not by a little bit.

There was an actor, brighter than he was scrupulous, who was cast in a clever play at one studio. He wrote the story and sold it to a rival studio. Yes, he got into trouble.

A certain director refused to direct a certain scenario because "he couldn't see a picture in it." Six months later he submitted an almost identical plot to a new scenario editor who hadn't read the first story. He got away with it. The studio purchased the story from the director and he produced it. Evidently the real author never saw the picture, for no one pounced on the guilty party. A studio reader on a small salary remembered the story, but he didn't dare squeal for fear of losing his job.

There have been many cases where authors "split" with directors who enthused properly over the author's script. But inside deals such as these are found in every business.

The universal charge is that studios deliberately steal situations out of scenarios submitted and then send back the script, rejected. Undoubtedly such things have happened.

In many studios, a complete record of every scenario sub-



Marshall Neilan, returning rejected manuscripts. Neilan says that he has never received a scenario in the mail that was worth producing.

Readers report of scenarios submitted. The real meat of each scenario is filed for future reference.

READER'S REPORT
 ATTENTION W. Collins
 TITLE Wings of Victory
 AUTHOR Lyle Monroe
 ADDRESS OR AGENCY Burt Brown
 PRICE ASKED \$2000

TYPE OF STORY
Struggle of talented girl
against wife and mother's fate
 LOCALE
Asheville, New York and
London.

THEME OF ARGUMENT
Law of society stronger than
rebellious individual

WHAT IS THE BIG PUNCH?
Conflict of love and duty
not decided till next moment.

LEADING CHARACTERS AND BRIEF CHARACTERIZATION.
Agatha Brooks - girl with scientific ambitions
Henry Fisk - commonplace fellow
Charles Morgan

mitted is kept on file. The reader reports on the title, author, price asked, etc. And then, in detail, is recorded the type of story, the theme, the *big punch*, and the high lights of dramatic and physical action. In other words, they have the real meat of the plot on file in their offices. And sometimes the temptation to use a situation is too great to be resisted.

Say that Director Jones wishes the villain in his new picture to give the heroine an intoxicating drink, but he wants to do it in a new way. To tell the dear little innocent that the booze is lemonade is old stuff.

Somebody hands the director a script to consider for his

next story. In it, the villain bribes a waiter to drop frozen cubes of whiskey instead of pure ice cubes into the heroine's drinking water.

Director Jones succumbs to temptation. He lifts the idea for his present picture and rejects the script.

A Good Gag Gone Wrong

OR perhaps a comedy director has gone stale on hokum. He needs some new business for his comedy. A wit from some small town sends in a hunch that the director knows will get a laugh. The vamp wears a regulation street-car conductor's change holder about her knee. She vamps old gentlemen and rings up receipts on the change holder every time she cashes in on their gifts.

The hunch is good for a dozen laughs. The director steals the "gag."

Comedy directors are the worst thieves in the business, anyway. They send scouts around to locate new "gags." They are the bane of producers of big specials. It takes a comedy company perhaps three weeks to make a two-reel slapstick comedy. It takes a dramatic director as many months to make a picture. The director may have a good gag in his five-reeler.

A stage-hand may have a friend in a comedy company. Casually, as one discusses the work of the day, he may remark, "Saw a good gag today on the lot." And he will describe it. And the director of the dramatic feature will have delirium tremens when he sees the comedy, two weeks hence, with his precious little "gag" in it.

Just One Situation

AN undeveloped story idea is a constant temptation to brain bootleggers. Many young writers have the germ of a good story or an interesting theme, but have not developed it. The studio should buy the script "as is" and develop it. Often it does just that. But occasionally an author sets too high a price on the one valuable situation. Then occasionally somebody yields to temptation and steals it.

If you think a lawsuit cannot be won on the theft of a single situation, consider the case of a certain well-known executive who "lifted" a clever millinery-shop episode from a magazine story and incorporated it in a screen play. He didn't touch the plot. But the author of that magazine story took the case to court and won \$7000. Not a bad price for one situation.

Sometimes a title will sell a story, or just the name of an author. A certain playwright was hard up for ready cash. He dashed off four scenarios and offered the four to a producing company for \$1000. They were downright poor stories and each had to be revamped for production, but the company was glad to pay \$1000 for the use of the playwright's name.

Not Guilty

SOMETIMES the cry of "Stop thief!" is raised unjustly. An idea may be already in production, when a flood of

C The Judgment House of Universal Studio. Here the thousands of submitted scenarios are read and their fate recorded.



WHAT ARE THE HIGH LIGHTS OF DRAMATIC ACTION?
 Interview where Cynthia has
 engagement
 Conflict between the two men
 Airplane wreck

WHAT ARE THE HIGH LIGHTS OF PHYSICAL ACTION?
 Airplane wreck
 Bomb scene
 Flight from London on boat where
 Morgan arrives barely in time.

WHAT POINTS ARE CENSORABLE?
 Fact of unmarried girl sleeping
 must be censorable, but value
 is rewarded in the end.

READER'S OPINION AND CRITICISM.
 Story capable of being pictured
 effectively. Several dramatic scenes.
 Action magnificent.

SYNOPSIS.
 Cynthia Brooks' family uses her money just when
 Cynthia has decided on an operative career. She is forced
 to leave her home with no time or money for notice. Having
 and becomes engaged to Harry who is the only
 man available of the type she is used to. Harry thinks
 woman's place is in the home and that her natural
 voice is good enough to sing.
 Just as she is about
 marry, Spencer Morgan, day
 who offers to take her and
 travel. After long mental
 struggle she finally
 says yes to him.
 Flying from London to
 and Cynthia's voice is unique
 in perfect she realizes the
 Spencer was because she is
 often active, the situation
 has to leave Spencer but
 never has to work a

in almost the same story, only better written. The studio accepted it, but when the scenario editor, Clarke Thomas, saw it, he said, "My God, that's that woman's story."

He wrote the woman, telling her that the writer of the accepted script had had no means of seeing her scenario and that she must not think they had stolen her idea.

The woman very cagily wrote back, "How can you prove it?"

Of course, she had them on the hip, and rather than risk any trouble, they paid the woman \$500 for the story they had rejected.

Aimee Berkeley, a free lance scenario writer, sued the Goldwyn Pictures Corporation, to restrain it from exhibiting the picture, *The Flame of the Desert*. Miss Berkeley

asserted that the scenario on which the picture was based was written by her, from her own personal experience.

Goldwyn asserted that the company had purchased the scenario from Charles A. Logue, who said he had written it from talks he had had with Essaid Pasha, military attache to Pancho Villa, the Mexican bandit.

The court viewed the picture and decided that the scenario written by Miss Berkeley was different from the film itself and dismissed the charges against the Goldwyn company.

UNIVERSAL PICTURES CORPORATION

Title _____
 Name of Author _____ Date _____
 Address _____

How Disposed of

manuscripts incorporating the same idea come to the studio. People often get the same hunch at the same time.

For instance, when a newspaper story is given sensational prominence, scenario writers in Kalamazoo and Oshkosh flood the mails with scenarios using the plot. During a season, a studio will be flooded with Northwest Mounted Police stories, and during the next, sea stories will be popular.

The "hit-on-the-head-and forget-who-are-you-are" plot is perennial. So are the bank clerk embezzler plots and the "Where's Your Child" themes.

Not long ago Metro turned down a story submitted by a woman writer. A week or so later, a studio scenario writer who had no opportunity of seeing the rejected script, turned

Unconscious Thievery

It is perfectly possible for a studio reader who scans dozens of stories every day, to store up impressions and ideas in her subconscious mind. She doesn't mean to adapt them for her own use, but when she sits down to write a few months later, the most persistent of these inspirations come to the fore and get into her new story. For the life of her, she couldn't tell where she got the ideas except "out of her mind." Another reader may consciously adapt a story plot to her own uses. If she's found out she stands a good chance of losing her job. In most studios, readers are not allowed to write and (Continued on page 103)



PHOTO BY MURAY

FREDERICK JAMES SMITH

C Who will guide the future editorial policy of this magazine, brings to us an experience of more than fourteen years in the business of making motion pictures and writing about them. Readers who have long wanted to know what makes the movie wheels go 'round will share with us the pleasure of watching our new Editor open the hunting case, dust off the main spring and show us what makes it tick.



PHOTO BY W. JAY FREDRICKS

ROLF ARMSTRONG

C Begins with this issue a series of front cover creations that will induce more people than ever before to make the not uncommon discovery that this magazine is really different. Mr. Armstrong has become so innured to the painting of beautiful femininity that even Bebe Daniels posing for him in person cannot take his mind from the business of immortalizing the screen's most pulchritudinous women. Claire Windsor is the subject he has chosen for the October front cover.

C A Pretty Young Girl wanted to get ahead in the Movies. She got a job as "atmosphere." Every time the Director waved his megaphone this daughter of Eve breathed admiringly—"Oh, Mr. D- - -, you're wonderful."

Mr. D - - - found the audience so inspiring that he made it permanent by giving the girl a part in his next picture.

That is what Hollywood means when it speaks about—



C The Whispering Chorus—that was group of admiring extras, script girls surrounded a certain director of

The "YES" BLIGHT

ONCE upon a time and not so long ago at that, there was a pretty young girl who wanted to get ahead in pictures. Now the number of pretty girls who want to get ahead in pictures are as the sands of the sea in numbers. But this girl had something that is even more effective and much scarcer in Hollywood—brains!

She got a job in a picture directed by a man whom we will call Arnold Dunning. Just "atmosphere". But what congenial "atmosphere". For she took her stand near the camera between shots, and whenever Mr. Dunning would so much as wave his megaphone, she would say, with just the

right note of admiring awe, "Oh Mr. Dunning, you're wonderful!"

Well, Mr. Dunning, being a man and very human, found the praise not distasteful to his ears, and in order to keep such an appreciative audience permanently on the job, he gave the pretty young girl another job in his next picture. And it wasn't "atmosphere" this time!

By pulling the age-old line that every woman has used from our Mother Eve down, the girl "yessed" herself into the movies. And her example is followed daily in every studio in Hollywood, to the great detriment of pictures.



the title given to the little and film cutters that always ultra lavish production.

The Yes Chorus

THE yes blight is the curse of the movies. Pictures are being ruined every day because lack of courage prevents subordinates from pointing out flaws. The sublime conceit of the big men of the industry,—little kings whose courtiers know that the king can do no wrong—will brook no contradiction.

"Yes" your boss. That is the motto that everybody pins on the wall, from the prop boy up to the president. The assistant director "yesses" the director; the director "yesses" the production manager; the production manager "yesses" the producer. And the producer in his turn must often "yes" the banker from whom he has borrowed his last million.

No matter if the yes-man knows in his soul that the man higher up is wrong. No matter if he has to prostitute his artistic conscience. He must agree or lose his job. His voice must be added to the chorus of praise, in which a "no" sounds a discordant note. And the man who gets off the key

in the yes chorus loses his job, *pronto* and very swiftly. But few take the risk.

Who Killed Cock Robin

WHEN *Bella Donna* was in the making, a special private preview of the first three reels was held in the Ambassador theatre. Hard-boiled exhibitors who always go to a preview hoping for the worst, so that they may beat down the price of the film, sat and watched Pola Negri sweep through three thousand feet of film. And at the end, they cheered. Pola was superb. Her *abandon* was soul stirring, her beauty enchanting. The exhibitors, shaken out of all natural caution, enthused. And then somebody, some high Paramount official, hung crepe on the proceedings by bringing up the censor bugaboo.

What would the censors of Pennsylvania and Ohio do to this wicked woman? Better tame the picture down. It might kill the dramatic value of (Continued on page 100)

The Comedy Studio is sometimes a Service on the road to Fame-and-Fortune. But oftener it is only a jumping-off place

By W. R. Benson

The CORNER



SUNSET Boulevard and Gower. If you live in Hollywood, you don't like to give that destination, even to a taxi driver. For the lord of the leaping meter knows as well as you do that the corner of Sunset and Gower is known as "The Corner of Last Hope."

"All hope abandon, ye who enter here." Look at 'em—just pipe that bunch of comedy studios.

There are more comedy studios on the four blocks that converge at Sunset and Gower than in any other territory of four times the size in the world. A new world's record!

Century, Hallroom Boys, Al Christie, Grand Studios (their letterheads call them The Grand Realty Corporation, but they make comedies just the same), Waldorf, Wm. Horsley, Paulis, Chester—they're all there, rubbing



elbows and probably peeping over each other's fences to steal gags.

Strangely enough it is a quiet, orderly corner. No unseemly mirth. The air is charged with deadly seriousness. It is a stern business—this comedy stuff.

First Chance

IRAN right into this corner about four years ago," said a hardened comedy "Gag" writer to me. "It looked like 'First Chance' to me then. I could fairly see the words written in gold and plastered on the walls as I romped into Hollywood to write bigger and better pictures. Comedies! I'd reform the comedies! I'd supplant that idea that clings so tenaciously in the minds of the D. P. (dear public) that a custard pie spread thin on a white shirt front and delicately sprayed on a fat man's features, is funny.

of LAST HOPE



"I—oh, what's the use? I wrote comedy gags and screamingly funny titles, so funny I changed my name so's the fellows in the Lambs' Club wouldn't know who perpetrated them on a suffering public. I stayed with old 'First Chance' for two years, then Drama took me in, cuddled me to her bosom. I was permitted to write sweet, sad tales of *'Nellie, the Beautiful Cloak Model'*, disguised under modern monikers like *'Purple Passions'* and *'The Sin-Lure'*. I saw them buy picture rights, or rather butcher rights, to some of the best novels of the day—even succeeded in selling them two or three of my own published novellettes and short stories—then take away all but the names of the principal characters and the title of the book. Then at the last minute they'd decide that the name of the book would queer the film, and they'd change that.



"I batted around the 'drama lots' and murdered lots of drama for two years more, making four years I'd offered up to the Great God Film.

"Then I got sick—threw up my job and my contract and my hopes—and I went back to New York, to write short stories. Ever try to stage a come-back? You play to a hissing house, or what's worse, an empty one. Nobody in the old home town knew I was even trying to come back. And they no longer knew me. There was a new bunch of word-slingers, a new crop of spaghetti eaters at the Purple Cow and the Horned Frog. And the editors thought the name was vaguely familiar—oh, yes, the chap who wrote those vile continuities for Fox!

"I found I couldn't write anything but such lines as 'Melba, the beautiful, blond daughter of Felix Forepaugh, the village banker, is wildly in love with Handsome Harry, the barber, but her snobbish father will have none of him—not even free hair cuts and shaves.' That sort of stuff. Low comedy, but not low enough to get laughs out of editors who were looking for other

infant prodigies to take the place of F. Scott Fitzgerald, who was getting old—turned twenty-four as he was, and no longer infantile enough to be the champion of the best advertised graft in the world—the ‘younger set’. I found myself an antique, but not an objet d’art. I had about as much chance in the New York story market as Charles G. Norris has of recognizing his book in ‘Brass’.

“Last Chance”

THERE was nothing to do but to come back to Hollywood. And when I got to the corner of Sunset and Gower, I saw that I was looking at the comedy barns from the other side—that the words were ‘Last Chance’.

The “Gag” writer started dolefully across the street to the Log Cabin Cafeteria, where he could mingle inconspicuously with others who had fallen into the “First Chance—Last Chance” trap.

He pointed some of them out, as he took a wilted lettuce salad and a puffed wienerwurst over to a little table near the door.

The Case of Billie Rhoades

THERE’S Billie Rhoades. Remember her in drama? Little Billie Rhoades, we all called her. The movie magazines were full of her pictures for a while. Then somehow she dropped out of sight. Her husband died and pretty soon people stopped writing in to know where ‘little Billie Rhoades’ was. There she is. ‘Last Chance’ caught her. Saw her in a Joe Rock comedy the other day and she didn’t even have screen credit. Yes, I go to comedies to see what gags I can steal for our company. I work almost as hard stealing my gags as I do writing the original ones.

“Poor Billie! She’s as miscast in a comedy as an orchid at a fireman’s picnic. Some people just seem to be made for comedy; they thrive in it. Take Louise Fazenda, for instance. Everyone’s taking her these days, by the way, but she’s still the same old Louise. Did you see what they did to her in ‘The Beautiful and Damned’? But she was Louise Fazenda just the same, Louise without the hair knobs over her ears or the holes in her stockings, but comedy queen Louise just the same. That sofa scene was Louise’s, I’ll wager my hat. No director could have kept her from pulling it.

“And no matter how much they dress Louise up and trick her out and tell her to walk natural and not fall over the furniture, she’ll always be the Funny Fazenda. ‘First Chance’ will inevitably be ‘Last Chance’ for her. Straight drama will hold her for awhile, but she’ll never be able to play it straight to save her life. Did you see how she fell in the creek in ‘The Spider and Rose’? And her Bea Sorenson in ‘Main Street’ could have been lifted right out of any of her Mack Sennett comedies. Louise has loved a hundred men in the kitchen. And she managed to get Alan Hale dressed up as comically and as true to ‘First Chance’ traditions as herself.”

The scenarist gloomily regarded the thousand island dressing on his careless shirt front, but managed a faint grin as George O’Hara came in with a former comedy chum, once with Mack Sennett and now with the Grand Studios.

How About George O’Hara

NOW it’s a different story with George. George worked with Sennett, along with Louise Fazenda and Mabel Normand and the others, but he was never a comedian. Not really! Now he’s where he belongs—in light comedy drama as the virile young hero. Seen the ‘Fighting Blood’ series yet? They aren’t comedy and they

aren’t drama, but they’re something mighty fine to boost up a lagging program.

“But how about Phyllis Haver? If there was ever a greater effort made to hoist 130 pounds out of comedy into drama, than Papa Sennett made for Phyllis, I don’t know about it.

“You can’t blame Phyl for wanting to get out of comedy. All the comedy girls ask Santa Claus to bring them a drama contract for a Christmas present, and when Santa Claus is Mack Sennett, he usually does his durndest to keep the cute little things from crying over an empty stocking.

Look at Mabel Normand

LOOK at Mabel Normand! Mabel simply yearned and hankered to emote. She was just wasting her sweetness on the comedy air on the old Mack Sennett lot. No matter how many ‘Mickey’s’ they made, Mabel just had to have her chance at ‘straight drama’.

“Papa Sennett, liking Mabel a lot and hating to see her cry for the moon when he had a nice green cheese one to give her, let her go. Goldwyn almost killed Mabel. It was a sight to make the angels weep to see our Mabel in things like ‘The Slim Princess’. One great howl went up all over the country for Mabel to forget drama and hasten back to comedy—Mack Sennett variety preferred. Mabel swallowed her hurt pride and a lot of milk and went back to Sennett, fatter and wiser, all ready to make ‘Molly-O’, which, while it wasn’t the best comedy-drama ever made, helped a lot to make the patient public forget what Mabel had been pulling.

“Oh, yes, ‘First Chance’ is sure ‘Last Chance’ for Mabel Normand. She’ll have to stick to Sennett, and since she’s getting eight thousand dollars a week, she’s probably not thinking about hurt pride.”

The scenarist had finished his wilted lettuce salad with sorrowful and scornful determination to vanquish it completely. Out in the mellow sunshine, we strolled, looking pessimistically at the squat buildings, with their blaringly painted signs on glaring white frame fronts.

The scenarist raised a puny fist and shook it futilely at the building which houses his typewriter and his working brain—or scrambled eggs, as he calls his addled gray matter.

A Bunch of Hams

LOOK at that bunch of hams around the entrance. Dress suits, canes, stovepipe hats. All dressed up fit to kill—and ready to be killed by the agile little comedian that we toot up so high in our publicity. Dress suits after five won’t look too spick and span. But what’s a dress suit when this is ‘First Chance’—the wide-open doorway to Cinema Fame? Come on, boys, only three dollars or five dollars a day, for a dress suit part; but who cares? We’re in the movies at last! Let Monty and Charlie and Joe—God bless ’em—throw custards at us! We’re game! Maybe the director will see us and we’ll get featured for a bit, and then a dramatic producer will see in us the makings of a Valentino or a Tom Mix or a Tommy Meighan, and we’ll be made!

“But how many of them can stick in drama when they land? How many ever get around the other side of the barn, even, to see the words, ‘Last Chance’? Most of ’em, poor devils, get so tangled up with comedy that they never look up.”

The scenarist was bitter and he was slightly drunk. He stays slightly—or even more so—drunk most of the time, for he says the gags nauseate him when he’s sober. It takes a bun to make a gag, my friend the scenarist says.

And since he is bitter and slightly drunk we must not take his words of pessimism too seriously. (Cont’d on page 105)

CAREERS C.O.D.

By George Gray

The agent is the middleman of the show business. He is the link between the studio and the actor. But he is no philanthropist. Like the lady in the mellerdrammer, the unfortunate actor pays and pays and pays!



Name
Address
Telephone
Date of Rec.
Age 22
Height 5' 7"
Weight 114
Eyes blue
Hair brown
Complexion fair
Net Salary \$100
Engagement with Metro in
noise in Newborough

Mildred Davis got her chance as Harold Lloyd's leading lady through an agent—and paid for it for months afterward. Ten percent is the usual tribute exacted.

After The Connecticut Yankee, Harry Myers should have sky-rocketed as a first-rank comedian. But his vogue waned when his agents gave him only blaa leading man roles.

WANT to make an actor howl? Either tell him he's getting old and porky . . . or else get him a job and try to collect a commission for it.

And whenever any of these puffy luminaries dream out loud about their "fabulous" film salaries, just grab the salt and—ask the agent.

Personal representatives, or agents, or managers,—or whatever they choose for a monniker,—are the bane of the show business. A necessary evil. Something you can't get along with or scrape along without. Any actor'll tell you, at the same time defining the agent something like this:

AGENT: An intelligence department of Hollywood, who's in cahoots with casting directors and may, for a consideration, get you a part in a picture, if . . .

That *if*, of course, is the string attached to it. If the agent likes you he may land you something; if he doesn't like you, you're *out*, all wet, finished.

Therefore, it behooves an actor in the flicker camp to keep in with agencies. You do this by different and devious means.

What Young Actors Ought to Know

HARRY MYERS, for example, drops in and petrifies his representatives by the deft application of good old Bowery slang. Grace Darmond has eyes—and knows how to use them. Colleen Moore's unfailing wit gets her by.

But, at any rate, if you would be popular with the lichtig-and-rothwells, the johnlancasters, the inglises of the industry, you should perforce make a "hit" in some special production, so that it won't be difficult for the ballyhoo to sell you to a producing concern.

Or, if you are a lesser light, it behooves you to pay semi-weekly calls upon said personal representative, bringing with you much information anent the picture business, your actor friends' private affairs and so forth for all of the agent's office force to digest and perhaps pass on.

If you haven't made your especial "hit"—if you are not a Lon Chaney in, say, another "Miracle Man" or a May McAvoy in a second "Sentimental Tommy"—you must bring photographs, unretouched ones preferably, before you can hope even to be noticed.

For agents, being commercial-minded persons in hot pursuit of the thing called cash, naturally like you if you *are* Lon Chaney, or Noah Beery or Anna Q. Nilsson, because it is then understood that you screen well, have proven ability, a reputation and can command a fattish salary with which to pay commissions.

This type of actor, the celebrity, is the one not needing agents, but the latter keep continually on his trail, greet him effusively and, quite obviously, make an effort to keep him well supplied with engagements.

If, however, you are just the unknown leading lady of the never-been-heard-of "legit" stock company and have come Hollywood-wards to make your film fame...if your name isn't, perhaps, instantly familiar to the minx at the front desk when you send it in, the agent *may* take an interest in you—or then again, he may *not*, as Ring Lardner says.

Agents Can—and Do—Kill Stars

THERE are some once well-known actors in the picture industry who were "killed off" by the bad work of agents.

And there are some present-day leading ladies whom the agents alone have *made* and whom they could just as readily break tomorrow if they wanted to.

F'rinstance. Some seasons ago Bessie Love was a star. Her name over her own productions. A personality in picturedom. At the same time she had a contract with a managerial firm to handle her business affairs, keep their eyes open in her behalf and to further her interests generally.

Came the w. k. "slump" and the subsequent demise of Miss Love's company. The young star found herself on the market, needing a job—at a time when she was worth money as a box-office attraction.

Months elapsed, however, before her managers got over saying that nothing had turned up yet, and she was finally shipped into an insignificant ingenue role *in support of* a fast-dying, middle-aged star who made brutish sea stories and the like.

When this role at length expired, she had another period of idleness,—*when her name should have been kept alive before the public!* Then she was offered another ingenue part in Hayakawa's "The Swamp," a slim, sympathetic little role of the fragile child-wife.

But, on completing her first few scenes, Hayakawa, who wrote the story himself, re-wrote it and greatly widened her characterization. In fact, he practically gave her the story. Bessie Love showed herself to be a proven mistress of emotion and of fine acting.

The same firm of managers succeeded in "landing" Edith Roberts with Cecil B. deMille in "Saturday Night", when Bessie Love was infinitely better suited to the part. Whether Miss Roberts failed to live up to the director's expectations of her, or whether she was badly managed in not immediately having been put into another production equally as important to her career isn't known, but the fact remains that her name as a star died when Universal's contract with her expired.

It's not every agent who has sufficient foresight to see the possibilities of a girl like Claire Windsor. Before she became famous she had a terrific time inducing anyone to sponsor her. She haunted the offices of every agent in filmdom, but they would have nothing to do with her. Always the same reply to her quest for work, "Nothing today."

Then Lois Weber took an interest in her and gave her her chance. Immediately every job-getter on the fringe of the film colony tried to secure her signature to an exclusive-management contract.

The Exclusive-Management System

SOME agents will have little or nothing to do with an actor who doesn't bind himself exclusively to the management scheme. That was, perhaps, what proved so ruinous to bonnie little Bessie Love. She had a personal agreement with one representative, hence could accept the work-proffers of no other.

Nor did Harry Myers, either, benefit by having only one firm manage him. Immediately after "The Connecticut Yankee" was shown he should have bloomed forth magnificently as a first-rank comedy star by virtue of his truly brilliant work. But, there was his contract with his agents, and, because they were unable to unearth anything except platitudinous leading-man roles for him opposite such satellites as Alice Lake and Gladys Walton, Myers' vogue waned peculiarly.

The Agent Always Gets His!

WHEN an agent sets about getting some actor a role in a picture—a job, as Hollywood calls it—he fully protects himself to the extent that it becomes practically impossible for him *not* to collect a commission somewhere, for, in submitting a certain actor's name to a casting director, he will offer the names of at least half a dozen other Thespians of the same type, one of whom is sure to be acceptable.

Then,—whether or not the chosen actor has asked the agent to represent him, whether or not said actor would have, perhaps, gotten a call directly from the studio itself,—he finds himself telephoned by the agent informed that, through the latter's efforts, a certain role has been obtained for him at such-and-such a salary.

As recompense the agent claims ten percent weekly of the above-named salary. Ten percent! Fifty dollars a week out of a \$500 stipend merely because the agent sent in the actor's name along with a score of others!

But ten percent isn't all. If a role lasts less than three weeks, the agent claims one-half of the second week's salary—a preposterous usury.

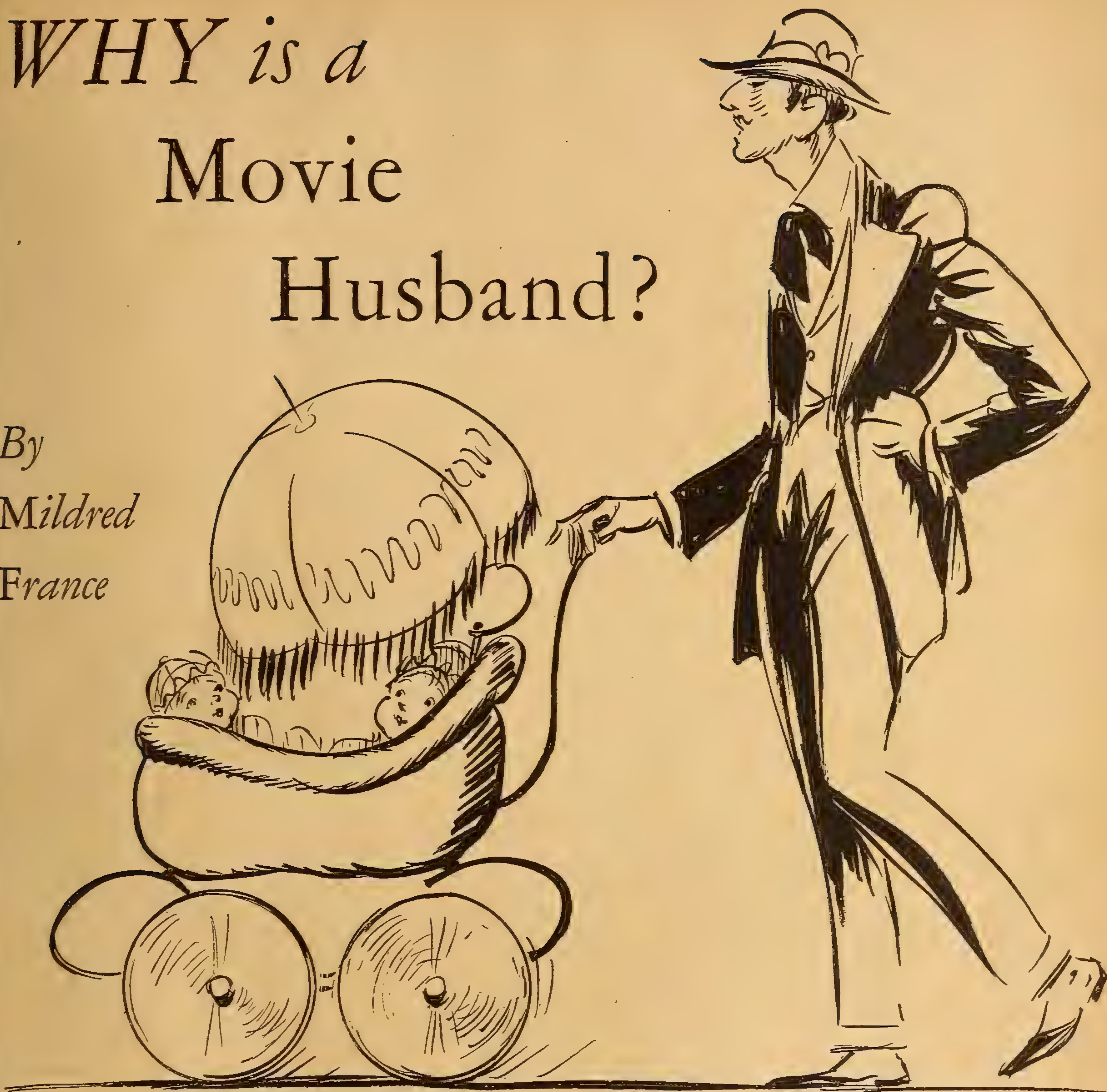
"What are you going to do?" a popular leading woman echoed. "They've got you coming and going. If you don't have an agent make overtures for you at a studio you're likely to be forgotten in the rush of job-seekers."

And if an agent gets "down on you . . . !

(Continued on page 92)

WHY is a Movie Husband?

By
Mildred
France



WEBSTER will tell you a husband is a correlative of a wife. The movie stars will tell you something else again and you won't find it in Webster. A husband, say their consorts, may range from a poor fish to an ungrateful wretch who blots up the Bevo instead of bringing home the bacon.

A movie spouse, however, is as misunderstood as a porch climber. He is the most abused, derided, caricatured creature promenading Hollywood Boulevard.

Just how his genus evolved into the fungus-clinging person that he is has never been solved. It is said that brisk press agents decided a connubial partner should be part of the great Hollywood hallucination (we all go to bed at nine, my dears, and even the drug stores aren't open!)

Of course, some of the girly stars gathered husbands in their neo-celluloid days when they were humbly glad to

Q. The movie spouse is as misunderstood as a porch climber. Not one of the species, say the divorce-claiming wives, can come home at 4:00 a. m. and pronounce "Tegucigalpa"

marry Frank and his elegant job in the starch works.

Stars' husbands are as easily classified as racial types, but instead of "Caucasian" it would give a better idea to use such de-

scriptions as "willing to work—but only his wife."

What a convivial soul this star-fish, pardon, star-husband, is,—if you will believe the divorce complaint of the wage-earning wife. Not one of this specie, it seems, can come home at four A. M. and pronounce "Tegucigalpa."

She Paid—and Paid—and Paid

A most pathetic case is that of Priscilla Bonner and her mate, Allen Wyness Alexander. Allen paid seventy-five dollars a case for gin—and it wasn't even the real stuff. Priscilla suffered keenly. Her scant salary was paid over to



He was willing to work—but only his wife.

the bootlegger with the regularity of a gas collector.

Priscilla waned until the casting directors tagged her "too thin for work." The suit for divorce was given an airing in the local courts, but the Santa Claus of the film industry was here at the time, and the case was dismissed.

The painful shattering of the romance between Wanda Hawley and Allen Burton Hawley caused much grief in our little village Rialto. Allen owned a garage and Wanda lent her Dresden charms to the pictures. Everything seemed beautiful—for a time. A charming picture of Wanda smiled down from the garage wall at customers.

But somehow, Wanda and Allen couldn't "jell."

"He wouldn't work," wailed his wife in her complaint. "He—he—oh dear! he drank. Nasty stuff in tall, thin glasses!"

A few weeks later Wanda, all disguised as Selma Hawley, appeared in the Federal Building and asked for a passport to Europe. Just like that—Europe.

The officials were charmed. The officials were stunned. And the officials were doubtful.

Surely this was Wanda Hawley, the beautiful blonde Lasky star? But no, the figurine smiled and said she was

just Selma Hawley, housewife, and was going abroad with her manager.

The insouciance was respected, and Wanda got her passport.

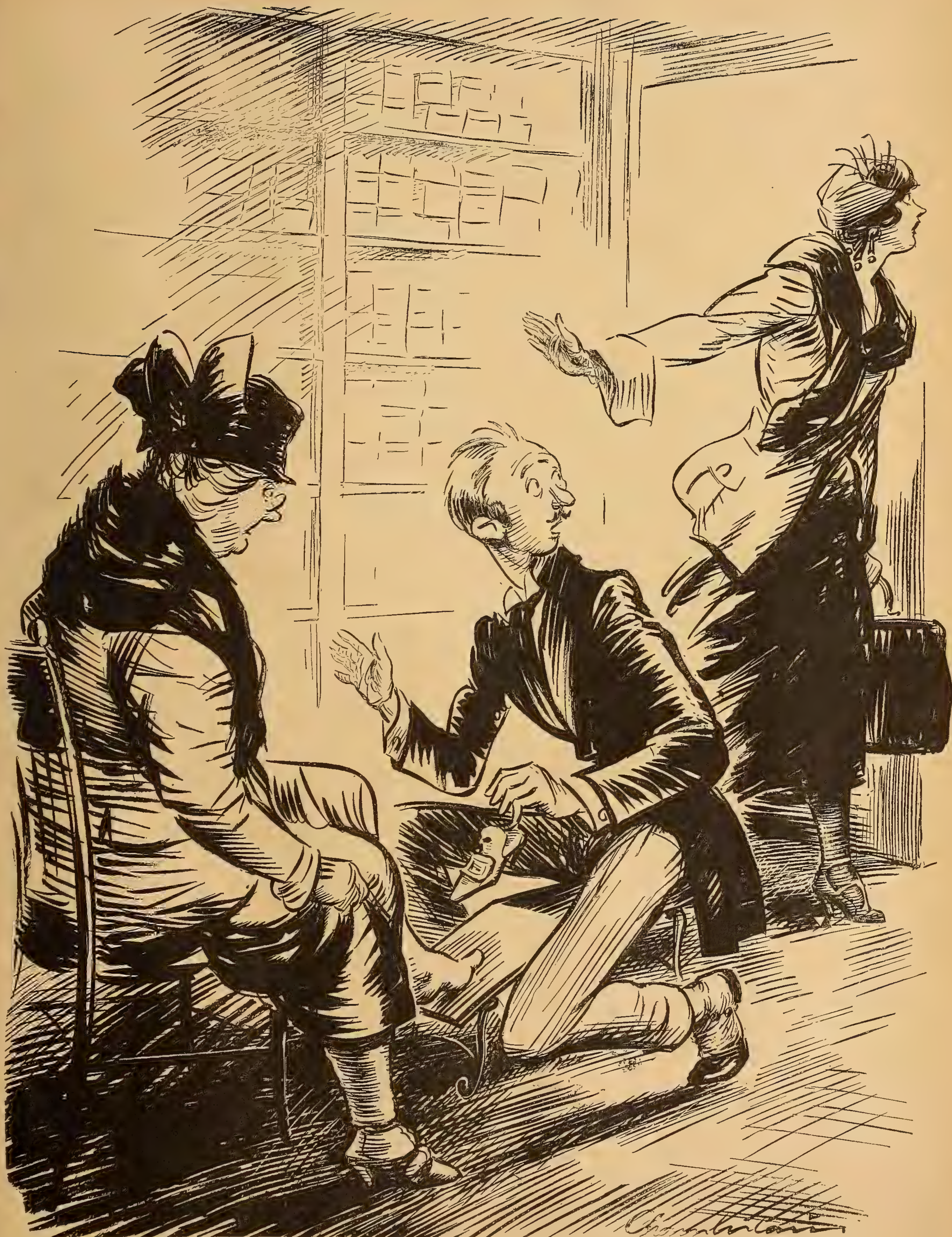
Allen, from the home of his brother-in-law in New York, growled bearishly. He hinted darkly that the life of a movie husband was not all beer and skittles. She named him for the smudge on the marriage license? It was to laugh!

The Hawley forecast is still "unsettled with indications of stormy weather" when Wanda and her manager return from abroad.

A Spiritual Causus Belli

ADELE ODEN'HAL, known to fame as Adele Howard, asserted briefly that the cash to buy calories was used for spirits frumenti. Frank borrowed her money and played the 'cello—a mean combination. Why 'cello? Now if Frank had played the zither we'd understand. Maybe Adele had a 'cello complex.

A screen actress whose life has been embittered through matrimony is Charlotte Pierce. Charlotte, who is Mrs. Ver-



I It was too much to expect a great actress to remain tied to a shoe-clerk.
She waved him a fond farewell and history records him not.

gil Joseph Mays, says hubby worked only one week after she slipped her finger through the fatal ring, bought himself some swell togs and charged them to her account, worked up a yen for a black onyx ring—and took \$20 from her purse to satisfy said yen.

If that weren't enough, Vergil—don't you love that name?—took his mamma to Tijuana! We don't know whether mamma had some good hunches or not, or whether she played them. But it hurt Charlotte. She wasn't invited, it seems.

What Happened to Mr. Agnes Ayres?

WONDER what happened to that army officer husband of Agnes Ayres? When Agnes was a player of bits, no one cared especially whether there was a Mr. Agnes or not.

But when "Forbidden Fruit," a DeMille dissipation, pushed her to stardom, Aggie told the world she would cut the matrimonial cord.

Exit the spouse, before he had the chance to shine, even dimly, as the other half of the house of Ayres.

Exit Miss Dupont's Spouse

MARGUERITE ARMSTRONG'S little dip into matrimony interests us too. When Marguerite was made into a star, someone thought he'd add a spice of mystery by calling her something else.

"Here there you" ~~he said~~ putting down his megaphone ~~+~~ "you ~~your~~ name's Miss Dupont from now on."

"Miss What, Dupont?"

"Just Miss Dupont."

Alas there is no mystery about Miss Dupont. She was Mrs. Paddy Hannigan of San Francisco, and everybody called her Paddy.

But when she went into the celluloid convent her hubby went to Chicago.

It was too much to expect of a great actress to remain tied to a shoe salesman. He might give her fits. He smiled a sad Pierrot goodbye. And history records him not.

Barbara La Marr, Matrimonial Addict

BARBARA La Marr has had a regular poker hand of husbands. Her spouses, however, never reached the limelight until Barbara discarded them. She was careful, indeed, to see that they formed a sort of Barbara-background.

Even her last little flyer in "till death do us part," will not bear flowers of publicity for her husband, Jack Dougherty. He is, after all, a lesser luminary, and probably never will outshine his wife.

Barbara, somebody said, drove one husband into a prison cell; and another into selling real estate.

Ben Deely is the realtor, and Phil Ainsworth the convict. Ben is making money in lands. Phil landed in jail trying to make money out of bum checks.

Donald Crisp, the director, doesn't belong in the "I-work-my-wife" class; but he broke every marriage vow with speed and accuracy, according to his wife, Marie, when she asked for a divorce.

Marie told the judge that after Donald had completed his nefarious career in fidelity-wrecking, he deserted her—couldn't stand the choking bonds of married life.

Never, since viewing "Hazel Kirke," have we been so moved by "the treachery of man."

Audrey M. Kennedy, playwright and moving picture director, left his wife, Agnes Camille Kennedy, in Winnepeg. She sued for divorce and the custody of their three children. She said he had provided for them only spasmodically—and she wanted money, not in spasms, when Audrey felt inclined, but in regular installments.

Audrey is paying—and finds it isn't so hard. Anyway he isn't smothered. He has the right to breathe freely again, now that the Hymen-fashioned gas mask has been taken off—and the price of freedom is never too dear. Genius must not be bound.

You must not imagine that all movie husbands cause ruction in the home by bringing back a rubescent nose and empty pockets.

There are as many movie partners as there are Sennett cuties.

The Masterful Movie Mate

TAKE the masterful movie mate. Catalogued in this column are Charles Brabin and Harold Lloyd. Twenty-five years ago, this type used to twirl black mustachios and forbid Fanny to go to a matinée where that naughty Lottie Collins was singing her "Ta-ra-ra Boom de-ay." Fanny sighed meekly and was glad to be protected so knowingly, glad to be one of "us ladies."

Is the modern master getting away with his stuff? He is not.

Theda Bara is acting with super-calm her little domestic drama. Nothing wrong in the Bara household. Mr. Charles Brabin desires a hearth-side companion. He said so. Theda will go back to her first love, the films. She said so. Theda will leave the canning of the gooseberries to less gifted women, and we hardly blame her when the juicy contracts are lying idle at Metro. How will they adjust their home life? Time, she said with originality, will tell.

And then there's little Mildred Davis, as rosy and cheery a little bride as you'll meet in a day's hike through Hollywood. Harold is adorable, but Mildred won't stay put under the bushel basket for long. Taffeta boudoirs, sapphire bracelets, a Beverly Hills estate, and baked Alaskas are not enough to still the itch in her actress' veins, we surmise.

Mildred carries a press clipping that praises her work in an anti-divorce film. Mildred's mama on the nuptial eve snapped her disbelief that Mildred would give up her career. Things are beginning to look interesting for Harold Lloyd, who says he wants Mildred all to himself.

Bull Montana would be a dominant husband, if he were a husband. Catch his wife flickering before the camera? Not a flicker.

Bull announced his dis-engagement to one Bessie, a nurse, recently. And he gave as his reason the fact that she wanted to hang around under the Kliegs.

"I wanta the beeg fine girl," Bull said, "but she musta stay home. You understand?"

We getcha, Bull. What we don't understand is how any pretty creature could prefer fame to Bull.

Consider the Romantic Husband

A MOST inviting specimen to dissect is the romantic husband of the films.

Douglas Fairbanks, Rex Ingram, Francis X. Bushman, Rodolph Valentino, and James Rennie, are, perhaps, our most gallant examples of connubial companionship.

Their love lives are so replete with the red rose of existence that we all worship them, with even more fervor than we do their single brethren.

That dark-eyed conquistador, Tony Moreno, is now married to Mrs. Daisy Danziger. Mrs. Moreno, who is very much "in society," is the mother of a grown daughter. But that is only another pearl to add to their white band of happiness, Antonio announces.

A great lady, and a Spanish cavalier!

Here's to you!

That Rodolph Natacha hejira! The pain in spinsters' hearts has lessened, but their

(Continued on page 83)



MAY McAVOY
by EDWARD THAYER MONROE



COLLEEN MOORE
by EDWARD THAYER MONROE



NITA NALDI
by EDWARD THAYER MONROE



by BETTY COMPSON
EDWARD THAYER MONROE

The Celluloid SAINT

By
Peter Lowensberry
and
Aimée Torriani

Illustrated by
Rae Van Buren



The wine of righteousness is sweet to the taste, but a dash of wickedness makes a more heady draft.

Breakfast for one, with a stolen bite for Jimmy was procured by the sale of a window card.

LOREN JAMESON and Enid Squires had written a scenario. And what was infinitely more remarkable in Hollywood, they had seen it pass from the hard-boiled first reader of the Lost Art studio up to the scenario editor and thence to old Fishbein, the great producer himself.

Fishbein had read the story and had tried it out on his pet director, a crochety old Scotchman, who thought poorly of all authors, but Shakespeare and Bobby Burns—who were safely dead and not apt to annoy a director about changes in the script—but he condescended to smile briefly at one or two situations in the girls' story.

The wintery contraction of the lips that passed for a smile with MacGregor so exhilarated Fishbein that he slapped his knee and shouted:

"If it makes so great a commotion here in the studio what a knock-out it will make on the public!"

Accordingly, Enid and Jimmy were sent for, and after the Eastern manner of haggling over the price was satisfactorily exhausted by the trio, the two girls came away, fainting in each other's arms. Fishbein had even suggested that the leading role be given to Sydna Chrystoffson, the

star. Of course, to Jimmy's way of thinking, she could never register real emotion, but she was beautiful as a wax doll, and besides, she had just had a scandalous divorce suit, and so would be more than ordinarily interesting. To be sure, she would want the continuity rewritten a dozen times, but after all, that was not their affair.

Breathless with joy, they rushed into the nearest drug store for sodas, and shrieked the news through the telephone to Glory, the third member of the trio and an actress of sorts.

That night in their garret room Jimmy and Glory lay in their cold cot beds hugging their empty tummies ecstatically.

"I shall miss this dear old attic," sighed Jimmy, "the spidered rafters, and the knot holes where the mice play hide and seek. And what a strange thing it will be not to have to remember about washing out my one pair of silk stockings every night. And never another visit to the Shop of the Three Brass Balls—Really, Glory, it makes me feel a bit queer to think of having beefsteak for dinner every night if we want it."

"I can't agree with you, for I already feel it the the most natural thing in the world to drop in to dine with you. I shall simply say to the butler, 'Good evening, James, is the authoress dining at home this evening? Well, no matter, in any case, James, you may as well lay an extra cover for me!'"

"Good night," said Jimmy. "Better not really build your castles till you get your check in the morning. But I have a strong hunch that success is just ahead for you. No one will be gladder than I. Good night, old rag."

Silence—with the wind rattling the casement window, and the scuttle of a mouse between the walls. Then;

"Glory, are you awake? I just can't sleep, I'm so excited and so starved. Isn't there a thing to eat?"

"Not a scrap. I myself finished the other side of that half-nibbled cookie."

"Well, how about a cigarette?"

"That's what I was wondering—my dear!" She leaped out of bed, her teeth chattering; "I remember now, Babs left one in my copy of Emerson to mark her place. If I can find my nail file we'll cut it in two."

Jimmy puffing rapturously, "Oh, it's heavenly. You *are* a lamb... Would you mind just sitting on my feet a little while, Glory? They feel like an ice-wagon, but do put the table cover around your shoulders."

Footsteps mounting the stair. A knock at the door.

"Oh you cigarettes," she gasped, "how warm and cozy you both look—where's one for me?"

Glory, giving her her less-than-half-a-stub, "have a puff? It's our last one for the moment, but tomorrow I'll expect a hundred or so from you two famous authors."

Enid threw out her arms.

"Don't, Glory, I can't bear it."

THEY quivered in alarm at the tragedy in her tone; her inner emotion instantly registered itself on all three faces.

"What's wrong—what is it?" they cried.

"The whole world's wrong—but I couldn't decide whether to tell you tonight or wait until morning!"



Enid threw out her arms.
"Don't, Glory, I can't bear it."

"Has the baby fallen into the well, or did your husband refuse you a decree, or what?"

"Don't be silly," moaned Enid, "it's really tragic. Oh, I can't bear to tell you."

"But the suspense for us! Have mercy! Can't you see our imaginations leaping among all the horrors and crimes of the world?" Jimmy expostulated. "For heaven's sake, tell us!"

"Well, then, so be it," agreed Enid. "I went out to the Lost Art studio tonight on a party. Thought I'd better be as ingratiating an authoress as possible; but Fishbein was cool to me, and MacGregor, the director, was frigid, and Jip Haig, the camera man, was pitying and—"



Glory, usually so valuable in moments of tragedy, was strangely dumb.

"The point is that Sydna Chrystoffson is an imbecile. She won't have our scenario. Says it doesn't do her justice. Says it's not a dramatic enough vehicle for her. Says—"

But Jimmy had collapsed on her pillow.

Glory, usually so valuable in moments of tragedy, was strangely dumb. Then grasping her table cover more firmly about her, she demanded:

"But why not try the World's Stupendous All-Star Corporation, and The Fine-Art, and the Hollywood Planet Co.?"

"But we've gone the whole rounds. Lost Art was our last hope."

Silence—with the wind rattling the casement window, and the scuttle of a mouse between the walls.

Suddenly Glory lifted her bowed head.

"The time has come, my poor children, to go to Sydna Chrystoffson, to use my influence with her."

IF the last shell of the World War had burst through the roof and exploded in their midst, the two girls could not have been more profoundly startled. They stared at Glory as if she were an apparition.

"You," Jimmy gasped—"you know the star, Miss Chrystoffson?"

"I did not say that I knew her," affirmed Glory with dignity—"I said that for your wretched sakes I would use my influence with her."

"But how, why?" stammered Enid.

"I see it all," gloated Jimmy, "our mysterious Glory had had a liason with a man, a man who is also in Sydna's life. Or perhaps she has committed a murder! In that case, my dear Enid, we'd do a plot on it, the theme, I mean. Or no, Glory knows everybody she has some secret connection with her late scandal, and in that case, plots within plots, we could do another scenario for her!"

"No, it's not like that at all, hounds," wearily corrected Glory. "Jimmy your brain is entirely too fertile for your own good—it runs away with you."

"Then she's your mother's fifty-second cousin twice removed like the cobbler you found in Santa Ana the night we played in 'The Kittens' Revue.'"

"But I tell you I don't know her—however, I'll do my best, for it's only for you that I would approach her. A woman's past should not often be uncovered, and you must promise solemnly never to ask me what I shall say to her! Enid, get thee to bed, Wench, and let me sleep, both of you miserable scribblers. I still see success ahead of you, but I must have all me wits about me tomorrow."

Morning dawned. Vast quantities of California sunshine poured in through the window. Glory awakened and reached for her rosary.

"To the day's adventures," she cried, looking up from her prayers as Jimmy opened her eyes.

"To Glory's wits," sang Jimmy with a light heart, "and would you mind enlightening me as to the probable course of your movements today?"

"First to the Tavern. The nice, kind, good man there has promised me breakfast in exchange for a window card I've made for him."

"Good work," admitted Jimmy admiringly, "You wear my polo-coat with the big pockets, and I'll be waiting just outside."

"Only it might be buttered toast instead of rolls, or a mess like soft boiled eggs."

"No matter, my rubber sponge bag will fit nicely into the right hand pocket— Then where next?"

"I heard a rumor that Dubarry starts casting today for the Rachael-Jacob episode. Margot promised to introduce me. I'll try to get you in on that, too—they say all you have to do is to ride on camels' humps, but it might mean a week's steady job."

"Week's steady backache, you mean," Jimmy interrupted.

"Was it all a dream last night, about your seeing Sydna today? I seem to remember hearing you murmur something—"

"No, Jim, it's apt to be the realest thing in my day. Oh, I expect to page her off and on, every hour or so. I'd rather see her at her own home though, than anywhere else. We'll meet for dinner at 'Come On Inn.' You gather up Enid. I'll borrow something from somebody, or Betty will trust us a little longer."

During this conversation, the most astonishing preparations had been going forward. First, ablutions, then dressing in brief and abbreviated essentials, then a vigorous brushing of her silky dark curls, then makeup, judiciously administered, then outer garments, and in the end she was ready in Margot's cast-off suit, and Jane's smart New York hat of two seasons ago, turned back side to. But her freshness, her beauty, her vividness and air of chic, made Jimmy proud as a peacock as he surveyed her lazily from the bed.

"Will I do, Jim?"

"I'll say you'd do Venus herself, not to mention a mere star like Sydna Chrystoffson."

"At Betty's then, for dinner. So long, Bad Egg," which last appellation was by way of being an especial endearment.

SYDNA CHRYSTOFFSON had never been more pleased with herself than when she stepped elegantly from her limousine that day in front of her palatial Spanish abode. She had had her own way all day long, a fact gratifying in itself even to the least of us. She had seen the day's rushes along with Mr. Fishbein, who had gently pinched her arm and deferentially bowed her out to her car. Nothing so lifted herself in her own esteem as the deference of men. In it she drank deep of adulation and of that priceless thing

she called quality. She loved to kid herself along the pathway of fame. No mortal ever aspired as valiantly as Sydna to be a really great lady.

So it was that she smiled graciously at Glory whom she discovered waiting for her on the stoop of her entrance. Fan admirers were bores, but they must be encouraged nevertheless.

"I do want a few minutes of your precious time, Miss Chrystoffson," Glory's smile was irresistible and her eyes beguiling.

The star led her across the patio, and into the library, where they found chairs drawn up before a glowing wood fire, just the atmosphere Glory would have desired.

Glory plunged at once. Her voice was a bit too loud, and her words tumbled out with the rapidity of a picture in a ten-cent movie house. A discerning ear might have caught signs of nerve strain.

"Two friends of mine have written a story they thought would be a great avenue for your genius. They submitted the scenario, 'The Man Thou Gavest Me,' but your director has refused it. They feel that you never read it at all."

"Indeed, I did read it, but it's terrible; gives me no chance."

"But the great thing my friends did for that drama is to leave you free to make your own chance. Your emotional talents need have no bounds. The play will make you famous."

"Nonsense, it's rotten, I tell you. I really cannot be disturbed by every writer who thinks he has written a masterpiece. My director knows exactly what I want."

The star rose with ill concealed irritation to usher Gloria to the door.

Gloria clutched the arms of her chair and lifted tragic eyes to the flushed faced star.

"But these girls are both at the end of their rope. They both threaten suicide because of this decision of yours. Oh, if you could have known their joy yesterday, Miss Chrystoffson, when they were told it was accepted. It was a frightful blow to them. Please, please, promise to reread it and see if you can't make a great picture of it."

The star tapped her foot petulantly.

"Once is quite enough for such trash. I can't be forever wasting my valuable time on the work of young upstarts. Tell them to go home and wash—"

Glory sprang up like a rising aeroplane.

"Indeed in your own and in your husband's life it was recognition of youth's talent that has brought you where you both are today. Don't think me rude, my dear, but you *are* going to listen to me—yes, to every word I have to say. I have a very real claim, even if my friends have not."

"Claim?" whispered the star, her eyes wide with fear.

Glory caught both her wrists, forcing her into her chair, and drew her own close.

"Listen," she began, her eyes holding Sydna's against her will. "Five years ago I was struggling in New York to get the part of Fifi in 'The Belle of Brittany'. I had worked ten hours a day at rehearsals until the manager said I could have the part. But it depended on clothes. We must furnish our own. We were to lay off for two months before opening, so I determined to earn the money for them. I was penniless, but I tried to find a job in department stores, laundries, Childs'; all time wasted. For the moment, it seemed, no one wanted a girl. I sat on a bench in the park. A young man walked by. He stared at me, then lifted his hat.

"Pardon me," he said, "but I have been searching all New York for you."

"For me?" I asked wonderingly.

"For you," he repeated solemnly. "You are my dream. You are my living vision. 'Listen'— (Continued on page 96)



Glory sprang up. "Don't think me rude, my dear but you are going to listen to me. I have a very real claim, even if my friends have not."

The Trumpeter

By W. Ellen



Wistful little Mae Marsh has "come back" in Griffith's *White Rose*.

AT THE clarion sound of the trumpet which some beautiful Saint Gabriel of the Film World has blown have come trooping—back into Hollywood—such old favorites, such actors rich in experience, as Francis X. Bushman, Beverly Bayne, Theda Bara, H. B. Warner, May Allison, Mae Marsh, Virginia Pearson, Gladys Brockwell, Madge Kennedy, Alice Joyce, Blanche Sweet, Pauline Frederick, Cleo Ridgeley, Mary Ruby, Wally Van, Eileen Percy, J. Warren Kerrigan, Henry B. Walthall—the coming is grand and imposing, the line almost endless, and the standard they bear as they troop Hollywood is a glorious white satin banner on which is embroidered the purple letters, "By our acting ye shall know us." A fine slogan for this company of the Resurrected.

You blew the trumpet. I blew the trumpet. We all blew the trumpet. Our united breaths breathed a prayer for better acting, for sincerer stuff, for mellowed ability, for richer maturity.

Flapperism Is Passé

THE whole world—or all that part of it which goes to pictures—is sick of flapperism. Too long have our movies been the pap which our directors and producers and exhibitors—a vicious circle, without beginning or end—have thought would appeal to the public.

So long as we as a nation have the flapper complex, so long will we be deprived of motion pictures fit for mature tastes. Now that the flapper is letting her locks grow out and her skirts sprout, we may hope to see a corresponding psychological reaction in the pictures.

So long as we seemed to demand nothing but childish youth of our stars—blonde curls and toothsome, rosebud simpers, just so long were they dead—killed by the flapper craze—kept in their graves.

Then as a nation we grew suddenly weary of children in knee dresses as the heroines of our drama. We grew sick of vaselined youth, without the added graces of character or brawn. We began to wonder why we thrilled so over Margaret Anglin in such plays as *The Woman of Bronze*, which hit us over the head from the footlights so forcibly that we knew there was something wrong with our silent drama. We saw that Margaret Anglin was neither

pretty nor young. She was fat, forty-plus and almost homely—really homely in the wrong lights and without just the right sort of clothes. How could Margaret Anglin pull our very souls from the toes of our satin evening slippers, and make us forget that she was fat, forty and homely?

Because she could act! An audience that had been surfeited with pretty young things—charming little pouters like Marie Prevost and Pauline Garon—infants without an ounce of acting ability, nothing in the world to recommend them except youth and immature, stereotyped beauty—rose up and deluged Margaret Anglin with applause, so honestly glad of being treated to a little acting that she could have had anything she wanted out of that Los Angeles crowd.

We—as a vast movie audience—have been burying our *passé* stars with the most casual lack of compunction, and greedily, like carnivorous animals, asking for more human flesh to devour.

Now we have gone back to the graveyards to dig among the bones to see if we can find any buried genius, any real, honest-to-God acting ability. Suddenly it seems to all of us that we shall simply pass away if we have to look on Mary Miles Minter or Wanda Hawley or Bebe Daniels or any one of a hundred other "baby stars," childishly faking mature emotions, scraping by because of pretty clothes and marcelled bobbed hair, and cutey-cute ways.

of FAME

Reamy

Welcome, Theda!

ONE OF the first of our buried geniuses to answer the frantic appeal for acting ability is Theda Bara. It has become quite fashionable for critics and highbrows to like Theda Bara. When she was in her heyday we thrilled and thrilled when she lured the husband away from the oh,-so-good-and-true little wife, but we didn't say much about her. It was considered awfully lowbrow to rave over Theda. Just a little off-color, don't you know? Especially when Theda began to slip, ruined by a hideously poor assortment of stories, it was all one's reputation as a highbrow or a moderately lofty brow was worth to admit a sneaking fondness for the Semitic beauty who thrived on busted homes.

But now—how different! With a complete change of front critics who almost drove the poor girl to suicide a few years ago are now gravely declaring that Theda is about the world's prize actress, and that they always told you so! One New York critic stoutly asserts, now that all the world is anxiously looking toward Theda to redeem us from this awful slough of saccharine flapperism into which we have slipped, "We have more genuine esteem for Miss Bara than any screen actress we have ever met."

Yes, she was dead and she lives again!

We expect the new Theda, who will of course go back to the screen in spite of Charles Brabin's loudly asserted opposition, to bring with her a new ripeness, a mellow appreciation for the fineness of her art, a studied, exquisite technique. We saw Theda at the Montmartre in Hollywood the other day, lunching with Lois Weber. The producer. We wonder if that is significant? Lois Weber as an understanding, mellowed woman, could probably do more with Theda Bara, the new woman, than any male director.

And Theda herself looked wonderful. She has had her face done over, so that it has that firm look of youthful maturity. Thank God, she doesn't look *young*, in the callow sense that most of our film charmers look young. But she has no marks of age or of illness or of nervousness or irritability. She seems to have poise and dignity, two virtues which always come with maturity and philosophy. And over that calm wise face of the new Theda brood her age-old eyes, heavy-lidded, passionate, smouldering—the typical eyes of the sensitive Jewess. She has wisely kept her body slender and supple. Why shouldn't Theda Bara now give to us the finished art of which a girl is incapable?

Margaret Anglin did not give to the legitimate stage the richness of beauty and intellect which she now lavishes upon her roles, when she first "arrived." She was much handsomer then, to be sure, and much more "girlish" in figure. Why didn't the American stage-loving public bury her when she lost that slenderness and pastel beauty? That is the pleasant little habit we as a motion picture public have been addicted to.

The Bushmans are Back

BEVERLY BAYNE and Francis X. Bushman—the names are inseparable; it's no use trying to talk of one without the other—have "come back." And on our surfeited palates the names taste pleasant. Not sweet, but piquant. We expect drama when we see them. We expect a fineness and richness



Q The Covered Wagon brought J. Warren Kerrigan back to his rightful place in pictures, and The Girl of the Golden West clinched his position.

of feeling that our curly-headed ingenues cannot possibly give us. Those who have seen their first play, *Marriage Madness*, say it is wonderful for a first effort after years of being out of the game. All critics unite in saying they bring that elusive quality which is so much in demand right now—genuine feeling and acting ability.

A New May Allison

WE never thought it would be our privilege to herald a come-back for May Allison. And even this hopeful notice is premature, for we have not seen her picture. But May Allison has shown signs of either a dawning or hitherto concealed intelligence and sense of values. After a trip around the world, May returns to Hollywood a new person. She admits that the wave in her hair was not natural, and she irons it out to prove it. She takes off the rosebud mouth and lets her natural lips show for the first time since she has been in the business. She takes the round baby stare out of her eyes and lets age and character and maturity creep into them. She slicks her hair down around her head, cap fashion, or like a Madonna. Then she elongates the whole effect with long earrings, and lo, we have a new May Allison, who would undoubtedly scorn to wheedle a new gown out of Friend Husband, who has been driven to the financial rocks by his cute little wife's extravagances. We don't know just what May *will* do, but thank Heaven, she will not be a flapper, fluffing up her curly bobbed locks and staring round-eyed into a "oh, you wonderful's man's" eyes, imploring him to spend his fortune or mortgage his soul for money to buy clothes. Which is something—something!

At that, May ought to do well. She's comparatively young, is very striking in this new exterior she has picked up, probably in Egypt, and has been in the game so long she knows every bit of the technique, and the pitfalls and the fourflush. She ought to know mighty well what *not* to do, at least!

Mae Marsh Is Here, Too

ANOTHER who has answered Gabriel's siren call, to our great joy, is Mae Marsh. There has never been anyone just like her. She was not pretty—still isn't, we suppose—and she did not have "sex appeal"; but Mae could act. And she had the most wistful appeal of anyone on the screen, barring Lillian Gish. Possibly her very homeliness made her wistful. It has that effect on most girls.

Now in *The White Rose*, a Griffith picture, we find Mae Marsh carrying the production, against the fact that it is not as big a picture as Griffith is expected to make. For years we have looked toward Griffith as the master director, the Napoleon of the industry. And since *One Exciting Night* we have been wondering, a little sadly. Now we find Mae Marsh being given credit for "making" a Griffith picture. Heretofore it has always been Griffith who was the unseen star of his every production.

Lillian Gish says of Mae Marsh in *The White Rose*, "It is a great triumph. I couldn't see where she could have been more wonderful."

Who can say what it is that these years away from the screen, years in which she could think and learn and live have given Mae Marsh? Has it been wifehood, to which she has devoted her time without thought of the studio, which have ripened and broadened and sweetened Mae Marsh, so that now it seems as if she will take her place among the great ones? Would not a little time away—a little time to dream and think and live—do all our hectic Hollywood stars more than a little good?

Hail, Blanche Sweet!

THE resurrection of Blanche Sweet has been one of the big surprises of the industry. The old Blanche was a careless sort of young person, rather addleheaded on the whole.

She dressed sloppily when she felt like it, allowed her hair to stray in wisps rather than take the trouble to re-dress it, and, all in all, allowed her career to take care of itself. There were a few notable examples of fine work,—her *Judith of Bethulia*, for instance—but for the most part her performances were rather mediocre.

Then Blanche, because of illness and many other contributing causes, dropped out of sight. Somehow she got wise to herself. She must have had a terrific awakening. Perhaps it was all part of her tremendous effort to hold Marshall Neilan, who is now her husband. It is well known in the film colony that Blanche was more than interested in Neilan for years, and that at last her hold on him slipped; her fingers were almost loosened of their grip. Neilan is said to have found other women, better groomed, more beautiful women, strangely pleasing to look upon.

But Blanche at last woke up. Somewhere between that time and her reappearance in films as Marshall Neilan's wife, she learned to groom herself and to dress herself. Her glory of ashe-blond hair was revitalized; her face was "lifted" and practically made over. She had always kept her very slender, girlish figure, but she went in for exercises calculated to give her grace. She follows now a very strict regime of diet and exercise, for she intends that there shall be no more burials of the living-dead, so far as Blanche Sweet is concerned.

Not in face alone but in acting ability is Blanche Sweet a new woman. Her years away from the screen, in which she may have brooded a bit on life, in which she undoubtedly had plenty of time to think and read, and in which she just as undoubtedly suffered both mentally and physically, have given her a womanliness, a genuineness, a sincerity, which is painfully lacking in those who have stayed too consistently before the Kleig lights.

Dear Alice Joyce

THERE is real cause for joy in the little announcement tucked away in the corner of a theatrical page that Alice Joyce is to return to the screen. Any play that Alice appears in, no matter whether she does no more than walk through a couple of scenes, will be the better for her presence. Strange how Vitagraph squeezed Alice Joyce dry, killing her off slowly with poor exploitation, weak stories, and negligible distribution. That her memory has been kept green in spite of all these handicaps is a great tribute to the potency to the Joyce appeal.

Just as there is no other Mae Marsh, so there is no other Alice Joyce; no woman in pictures has her dignity and poise, her compelling reserve, her air of gentle breeding and vast, sweet silences. To be with Alice Joyce is like hearing a benediction in a High Church service—a thing of beauty to cherish and take away in one's heart. Alice has no brilliant conversation, no startling modern "wise cracks"; but she is thoroughly a woman. Into this flapper-weary world she should bring something infinitely precious and real.

Myrtle Stedman Heard the Call

MYRTLE STEDMAN rose from the grave ahead of Gabriel's trumpet call. She just simply couldn't bear to stay dead, she was so alive in every cell of her. Too old to play ingenues, in a flapper-crazy colony, and too young to play mothers when all the screen mothers had to have white wigs and deep wrinkles and one foot in the grave, Myrtle had no place to go. An occasional "older sister" rôle—and did you ever stop to think how few older sister rôles we have on the screen?—was all she could get to do. There was nothing for the public to do with Myrtle Stedman, or so the public thought, but to bury her and let the jazzy little heels of the smart little flappers trip over her grave.

But Myrtle rose and shook the (*Continued on page 90*)

Producers have handed us chickens-a-la-king for heroines, but our leading men for the most part are one-minute eggs. A man's place is in his clothes, says

H. B. K. Willis



God Give us MEN

OH, for a face that only a mother could love, peering at me from the silver screen!

As the verve for classic featured bimbos is flogging producers with facial outlines as irregular as the payments on their income tax returns into further importations of the celeste type, I long to see a leading man, different from models for Sparrow collars and one-button union-suits, now so much in favor.

Whenever I lamp one of these "so beautiful that it hurts" I feel the same inconfidence engulfing me which a one-button undergarment inspires,—I fear it may fail me at a crucial moment.

The exponents of the careless collar, swan-like neck and school-girl complexion may be getting over with the women, but they are driving men who roll their own into the nuthouse. I've heard complaints.

The *muy simpatico* manikins are a menace to masculinity. Time was when cinema leading men evoked the whispered, trembling comment "isn't he virile!" from girlish lips.

But now the depilatoried darlings knock them speechless, so Tom Mix has coiled his lariat in favor of cotillions, while William Farnum is planning to encase the chest that flannel irked, in a forty-minute front and go in for nuances instead of knockouts.

It doesn't seem right to have one of those ex-window dressers throwing knuckles at the heavy, who is what he is because his face is unfortunate.

Whenever one of these handsome heroes ties into a tough mug, I register the same feeling that a bull-fight occasions,—I catch myself yelling for the bull, while the women near me slip me glances full of assorted cutlery, and yell for my banishment.

It's a good thing for Douglas Fairbanks that he snared his bankroll before beauty put brains down for another fall. If Doug had started ten years later he'd probably be conducting a gymnasium where the pretty boys could be taking their exercise to music, instead of making pictures when he feels like it.

A Menace to Masculinity

IT's strange how things have changed. The home-wreckers used to have the beauty which gave the women, in flicker products, the urge to leave their husbands with the quarter-sawed faces. The one-man orchestras in the old nickelo-

deons used to play "Trust him not, oh gentle lady!" when they slunk into a scene.

But today the girls flock to have the boys who dare display their Adam's apples, play "O Sole Mio" on their heart strings while the plain but substantial and honest homespun variety draw naught but flies at the box-office, and naught but wails and lamentations from the exhibitors.

"God give us men!" is the cry from the birds who earn the dough which sends their wives and daughters to the

*For months we've gazed upon a brood
Of pampered darlings in the nude,
Who trail our manhood in the dirt
By strutting endlessly sans shirt
Until our very soul's imbued
With hatred deep and crass and crude.*

*We hate their slick, pomaded hair,
We hate the dimples that they bear.
We hate their eyes. We hate their lips.
We hate their ears and fingertips.
We hate the way they smirk and kiss.
We hate their bovine looks of bliss.
We hate them now. We hate them then.
We hate and pray: "God give us men."*

film palaces and leaves the kitchen sinks piled high with dirty dishes.

This may sound like a lot of hokum to the girls who prefer beauty to biceps, but the motion picture producers themselves are realizing it.

Why then are they flooding the mails with pictures of the beautiful and debonair all decked out in boxing trunks and with the four ounce mittens of the prize-ring maulers on their hands?

Undressed Kid Vogue

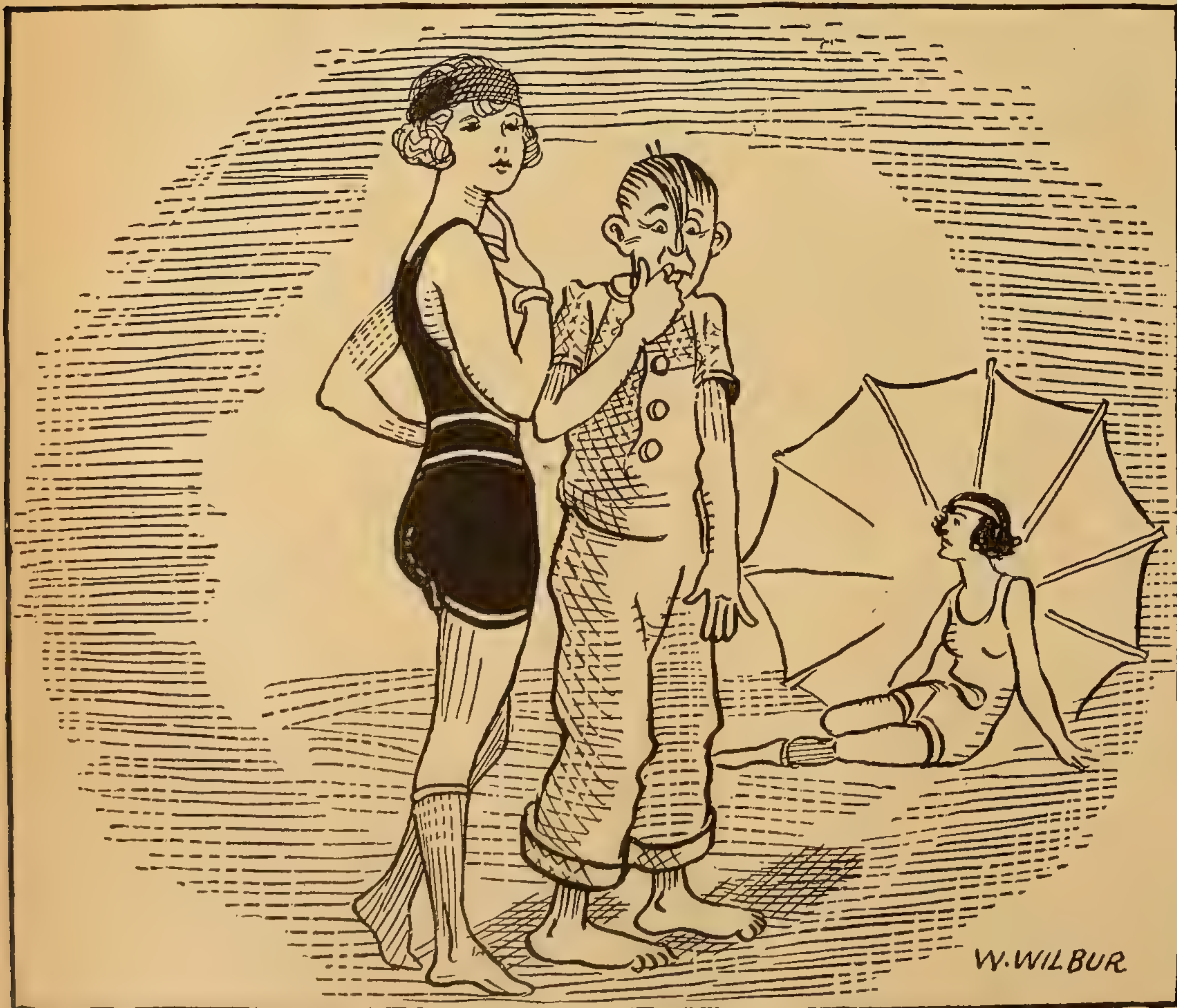
WHY this sudden deluge of fighting pictures and display of masculinity south of the collarbone and north of a waspish waist?

Take Reginald Denny in "The Abysmal Brute" as an example. If a black-eye dispenser of his comeliness ever cuffed a fellow knuckle-flinger into unconsciousness in a regular prize-ring, the kayoed battler's seconds would clamor for a look at his gloves and the horse shoe contained.

He's a well set-up young Britisher, though far from fulfilling any plug-ugly specifications, and not hard to look at from a masculine point of view, because Reggie hasn't too much pulchritude and probably can deal as lusty a smack with his mitts as he can with his smackers. But as "an abysmal brute," he's cup custard.

Gaston Glass is another syncopator of the senses who has bared his breast as a filmdom fighter. I remember the day his press agent proudly displayed a picture of Gaston with a pair of over-stuffed Perrins on his lily whites; his tresses all ruffled up; his tummy exposed to draughts and a fighting expression on his face. He looked as much the pug as an overdraft looks like money in the bank.

"He couldn't lick his lip," was the way Sue of the Switchboard expressed it.



Q. The chicken breasted male charmers of the screen have caused normal men to cover their knock knees with coveralls when they take to the surf.

George O'Hara has also been heralded abroad in the garb of a paper-weight champion. Not long ago he glared at me from a newspaper picture as an undressed kid. Toggling him out, or rather untoggling him as a slapster of the squared circle explains why a man is no hero to his valet. Georgie would have looked real rough if the camera had caught the gooseflesh he must have been wearing. The only socks he had about his person were on his tootsie wootsies.

Hail Rodolpho!

ALL of which naturally brings us down to consideration of the bird who has caused more flappers and flippers to swallow their chewing gum than any other,—the bird who taught the public that Vicente Ibanez was a writer instead of a perfume—the tyrant of the tango, king of the kiss—Rodolpho, The First, Ruler of all the Valentinos!—First in hair, first in grease, first in the hearts of the debutantes!

Rodolpho is the reason for this wholesale denuding of filmdom's demons at dalliance. Way back in the dark ages before he got married in two languages and in jail, in one, Rodolpho was paraded in his "undies" to satisfy the queries of can-fed husbands. He was such a cloying confection they felt that purest glucose must go coursing through his veins.

So they undressed him to prove he was a man's man, even if he did have to have help in putting on his pants.

And Rodolph was still being Paramounted, and blunderbuss breeches were still universally flapping about the fetlocks of the young idea when Ramon Navarro, clad in leopard's skin, hung askew from his shoulder to where the pavement ends, hurled his chaplet of (we-wish-it-were) poison-ivy into the ring as a contestant for the bare facts championship.

Women say Ramon's limpid yet lambent orbs cause their own eyes to bat in ecstasy, but he makes bald-headed men feel fully clothed and unashamed of their naked polls. Ramon always takes in so much more territory!

When will these chicken-breasted charmers have done? Romance is now impossible for the knotty-kneed, the knock-kneed and the knee-sprung ordinary guys if they dare the semi-nudity of the bathing suit, thanks to the revelations of these lollipops who have curves where we have angles and dimples where we have lumps.

The sweethearts of yesterday used to accept the surprises of their swains' topography, as revealed by bathing suits and matrimony, in a philosophical way,—one had to take utility in lieu of looks.

But now the long train of stream-line shock-dispensers in Valentino's wake has chased normal men to the showers, or at least caused them to wear coveralls when their queens take to the surf.

The sweethearts of today have become accustomed to Sheraton and Chippendale designs in men, and will have no other. The

hair-stuffed, lumpy-legged, bulging-armed numbers, though comfortable, are a drug on the market. They're giving 'em away as premiums for soap since Valentino and all the other undressed darlings of the films came on.

Hence the men who still go voluntarily to the movies are clamoring for leather-upholstered Mission types, complete with pipe-rack, cuspidor, and foot-rest, in parts where men are men. The wide open faces of the West demand a champion on the screen.

They long to see some honest pans, on pairs of honest shoulders in honest roles, Guys like Johnnie Walker, the Irish lad with the drinkable name, or Fred Thompson, parson-athlete-soldier, who is not well-known yet, as he works for Universal.

A Man of Parts

WALKER proved recently that he feels all that a real man feels when he threw a knotty fist full of knuckles in the face of a bird who slapped writs of attachment on everything Johnnie owned, except his wife and his spare collar.

The encounter took place near a Hollywood location in use by a company. There Walker and his erstwhile friend cuffed each other right merrily, while the traffic cop looked on dispassionately, believing all the while that the battle was just part of the business.

And what did Fred Thompson do to merit the Order of the Blackening Eye, bestowed by the Fists-and-Not-Faces League? Why, when Stevie Goosson, Schenck paint-slinger and art director, spoke out of turn Freddie slugged him on the top step of Goosson's stairs. The gardener dug the swattee out of the lawn the next morning.

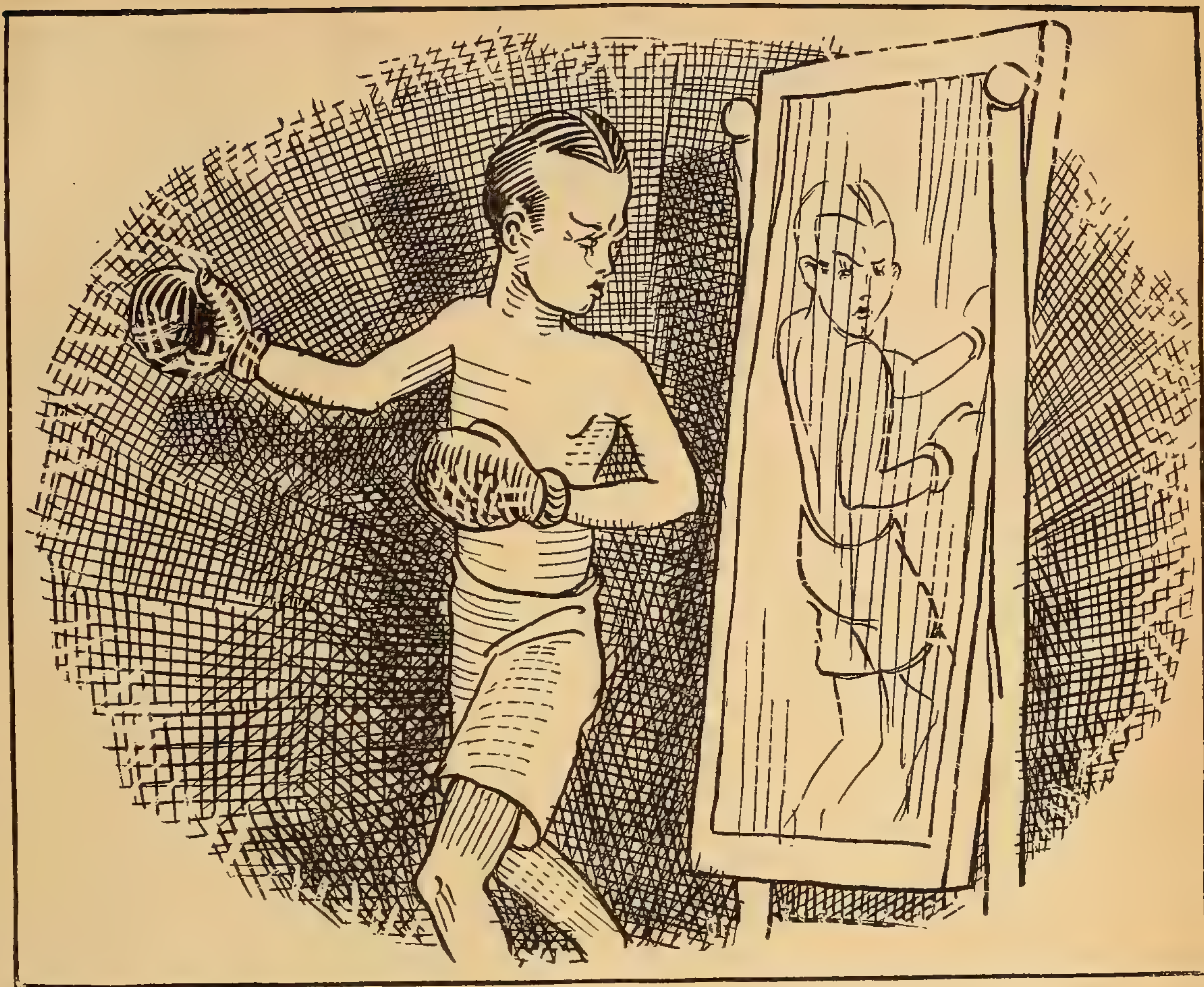
Freddie's right ham was on sick report the next day, and Goosson's right eye was the perfect picture of a disconsolate clam, but Freddie did his daily stunt of tying a 1,500-pound steer into a hard knot just for exercise just the same.

When Thompson gets through doing stunts for Universal, and his wife, Frances Marion, the queen of the scenario writers, can take him in hand in a worthwhile photoplay, all the girls from Rutlands to Oahu are going to turn the pictures of the languorous lads to the wall.

Doug Was White Hope

DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS would have been the hero of my cussing countrymen, if he had not achieved success by leaps and bounds. He is still leaping and bounding in such pictures as he cares to make, and is losing the bets of the boys who hope that some day he will light.

Dick Barthelmess and Charlie Ray nearly fill the bill. Dick has a nice smile, and Charlie has the heart that used to beat under homespun, but both fall rather into the category of "nice boys" along with Conrad Nagel. Still as it is, a man can look at them and not curse under his clothes.



“He couldn't lick his lip!” says Sue of the switchboard, regarding the undressed kid on the screen.

Tony Moreno, perhaps, comes nearer to par in the man-market than anyone else now being quoted, except Tommy Meighan. But Lasky is fast putting him on the hummer with a procession of pink-tights roles.

Herbert Brenon has him all tricked out like a negro hearse in “The Spanish Dancer” in which Pola Negri risks her ashen cheek to the rather unusual early Spanish whiskers Tony's wife allows him to bring into the house.

Costume parts are all right for the birds who rightly should have lived in the days when opera stockings passed for pants, but I'd like to see Tony stick to collar and cuff roles.

Jack Holt and Milton Sills are other man's men who haven't been given a real chance to get over with the boys. If you run over Jack's pictures, you'll find him chiefly in Archibald Never-sweat roles. Producers, who, ten years ago thought polo was played with dice, are responsible for Jack's repression.

And as for Sills—they hung crepe around his picture in the smoking room when Cecil deMille shook him out of his clothes and flung him a pelt for his bare skin in “Adam's Rib”.

Wallace and Noah Beery are all to the mustard for masculinity, but neither can be the answer to manhood's prayer of “God Give Us Men” because they are of the flannel shirt era of the mounted police epoch, characterized by the flannel shirt, rather than of the stuff of which heroes ought to be made. Wallace has taking ways. Look how his *King Richard* stole the picture away from “Doug” in “Robin Hood”.

Conway Is Male Katherine MacDonald

CONWAY TEARLE is a gay cavalier about whose shapely legs jack-boots flap happily, recking not of short trips from the rapier, which is always a-dangle from his baldrick.

And when you've said that, you've said it all. He has about as much kick as a clothes-

(Continued on page 93)

Hollywood's "YELLOW PERIL"

O *riental Actors are talented, but East is East and West is West and never the Twain shall meet—as long as the jealous West has anything to say about it*

By
Betty Morris



T HERE are signs placarded on the green lawns of Hollywood residences that voice the long-smouldering antipathy to Orientals that has at last leaped into flame in Hollywood.

JAPS, MOVE ON!

Don't let the Sun set on you here!

The cause is an odd one. Some Japanese, hard-working, peaceful folk, heeding the councils of Christian ministers, attempted to establish a Presbyterian church in Hollywood. Straightway the outraged citizenry rose against them. Out with them; away with them! Japs must be moved on.

It is a peculiar situation. If the Orientals had sought to establish a temple of Buddha, or a fan-tan joint, the reaction might have been understood. But a Christian church—the very good souls who spend thousands of dollars to send missionaries to far countries to convert the heathen headed the vigilantes!

Of course the real reason is racial antagonism, based on a well-founded fear of monopoly. The whites have seen how the Japanese have cornered the green vegetable market in Southern California; how by working fourteen hours a day, with the whole family, down to the babies, laboring in the fields, the Japanese can exist and save money where the white farmer would starve. And now if the Japs were attempting to found a church in a white residential district, Japanese homes would surely follow. And the value of the district would be ruined.

The Oriental question is a very real problem in Southern California, and the silver screen reflects the situation.



One indication of the condition of affairs is seen in the fact that whenever there is a Japanese or Chinese featured in a picture, a white actor almost invariably portrays the important Oriental rôle. Because there are no Oriental actors? No, indeed! One hundred and ten Chinese actors are earning their living by playing "bits" and "atmosphere" in Hollywood studios. Some of them are very clever *mimes*—Jim Wang, the unofficial "Mayor of Chinatown"; George Kuwa, the Japanese whom you have seen so often as valet to male stars; Anna May Wong, as delicate as an ivory miniature; Etta Lee, a bewildering, enchanting mixture of French and Chinese blood. Why are they not given more prominence?

There are reasons, many of them. One is the thinly-veiled fear of competition—the dislike of giving fame to one of the yellow-skinned race.

Another reason is that none of these actors have box-

office names. Noah Beery and Lon Chaney, who both have done wonderful work in Oriental rôles, have box-office values which directors consider in casting.

And a third reason is that Orientals express emotion in a wholly different fashion from white actors. A Japanese or a Chinese prides himself on his self-control. Comes grief or pain, and he hides it with the stoicism of an American Indian. His face is immobile, sphinx-like. Which, of course, would never do on the screen, where facial expressions tell the story. Screen technique is a thing of gesticulation, of exaggeration.

Directing Chinese actors is a thing that has turned gray the head of many a director. Indeed, it is almost impossible, except when an interpreter is available who understands Chinese complexes. Such a man is Thomas Gubbins.

He Knows the Chinese

GUBBINS is a white man who has lived all his life among the Chinese. He was born in China, the son of an American in the consular service. Cared for by a Chinese nurse, he grew up among them. For the last eight years he has been the buffer between irate directors and confused Chinese actors.

"One of the things that makes a director maddest," says Gubbins, "is the fact that a Chinese has got to have a reason for everything he does. Once, I remember, a little Chink about four years old was told to climb up on a man's knee and smile at him. The kid refused. 'Chinese boy not do,' he insisted, 'and besides, I see nothing to smile at.'"

When Gubbins wants his Chinese to smile, he tells them a funny story in their native language. I dare say the tale with all its symbolism would not seem funny to us; but it is sufficient to bring a faint gleam of appreciation to their eyes. It is the hardest thing in the world to make a Chinese laugh.

They Want the Truth

"I NEVER lie to my Chinese about a scene," says Gubbins. "To do so would mean their distrust next time. I explain beforehand the entire story, so that they will understand the reason for the particular scene they are enacting. They refuse to play a scene in which one of their race is put in a bad light. It always used to be that the Chink was always locking a girl into the torture chamber, you know. Because of that distortion of facts, a great antipathy sprang up in Chinatown against the movies.

"But in later years, a few films like *Broken Blossoms* have presented the Chinese in a better light."

This refusal to play "heavy" rôles explains also why white actors are employed for such parts. You remember the fiend-in-human-form who pursued Pearl White through so many of her serials? No Chinaman would play so dastardly a rôle, so they had to get a white actor to make up like a Chinese.

No Discrimination Against Hayakawa

SESSUE HAYAKAWA and his dainty little wife, Tsuru Aoki, are the only Orientals who have attained stardom and an established social position in Hollywood. Hayakawa has done more to better the prestige of the Japanese than any other person in America. Yet when he returned to his native land, he was reprimanded by his fellow-countrymen and threatened with the vengeance of the gods. In his pictures, such as *The Vermilion Pencil*, they claimed that he had portrayed an unpleasant side of Japanese history. A true side, but uncomplimentary.

Hayakawa is a student and a gentleman. He composes some rarely beautiful music. (Continued on page 97)

C HANGE

WALTER
KINSTLER

C The course of James Kirkwood's engagement to lovely little Lila Lee, both shown on this page, seemed to be running smoothly until Mrs. Gertrude Kirkwood threw a monkey wrench into the works by withdrawing her suit for divorce against her husband. Now, no divorce, no marriage.

C Cupid admitted a misdeal in the Chaplin-Harris deal, and both Mildred and Charlie are contemplating drawing new cards. Mildred Harris recently announced her engagement to Byron Munson, a film actor. The Chaplin-Negri romance, of course, has intrigued an interested world.

C Becoming engaged to a new fiancé before the first nuptial bonds have been loosened by law is Hollywood custom these days. Mary Miles Minter blushing admits her engagement to Louis Sherwin, the gentleman with the spectacles. The marriage will take place, it is said, as soon as Mr. Sherwin obtains a divorce from his present wife.

C Wallace Beery, shown at the bottom of the circle was formerly the husband of Gloria Swanson. He is once more treading the pleasant but perilous path to the altar. This time Fritzi Ridgeway is his partner. You remember Fritzi as the appealing little heroine in *The Old Homestead*, of course.



Your PARTNERS!

♣ The Little Blind God Shuffles the Matrimonial Cards and Deals Out a New Hand all Round





C. *Some time ago, Miss Gertrude Hennecke of Chicago was chosen from the thousands of entries as the winner of Screenland's Opportunity Contest. According to Screenland's promise, Miss Hennecke has been brought to Hollywood, where she is meeting the famous stars and directors.*

FACE VALUE

WHEN for a whole year you have thought Hollywood and dreamed Hollywood and talked Hollywood, until your family shudders at the very name, it's a thrill worth waiting for when you really find you have arrived in the charmed city.

I thought so anyway, when I stepped off the train in the Santa Fé station in Los Angeles. I was lucky enough last year to win SCREENLAND'S Opportunity Contest, and at last here I was to have all the opportunities to make good that could be given me.

It had all been arranged for me to get my first taste of movie life by going on location with Cecil B. DeMille, out on the desert near Guadalupe, where he was "shooting" the biblical scenes for his *Ten Commandments*. I snatched at the chance, for girls here don't value a chance to work in a DeMille picture any more than they do their right eye.

"On Location"

ON my first Sunday morning in Hollywood I started out in the cold gray dawn. I had thrills along with the chills, for I was going "on location". I rolled the words over my tongue; they sounded so professional.

I was going to have plenty of company, out on the burning sands. The Southern Pacific station was thronged with players. Extras, "bit" players, harassed assistant directors bellowing through megaphones, mothers gathering their children about them as an anxious hen gathers her chicks under her wings. For it was truly a family party. Old men and children, many of them from the Jewish colony; strapping negroes, shortly to be Nubian slaves; great, handsome, foreign-looking fellows cast as Egyptian warriors; and girls under foot everywhere, all dark of hair and eyes and most of them pretty.

Somehow "Hezi" Tate, first assistant director, and his corps of perspiring aides got the whole milling herd of us on the train. Six hours later we pulled into Guadalupe, some two hundred miles from Los Angeles. Thence by motor over a terrible trail to camp.

Out on the Burning Sands

A NEW world stretched before us. It was a gorgeous location. Up on the rim of the world, it seemed, with the white sand dunes stretching away in gentle undulations before us, clear to the horizon; beneath us, a city of white tents, row on row; and to the right, a flash of blue sea. The blue sea would presently be the Red Sea through which the Children of Israel would make their triumphal march.

There were two of us to a tent. Our palatial residences contained two army cots, an oil stove, a long table and a mirror, and a shiny new wash-basin, pail and cup.

Reveille woke us at 5 o'clock next morning. Two battalions of cavalry were quartered in camp. The soldiers were brought to drive the chariots in the dangerous charge of the Egyptians after the Israelites. So we woke to martial strains. In the tent

Gertrude Hennecke, the Winner of Screenland's Opportunity Contest, tells of her experiences in Hollywood.

across from mine was a cavalryman who every morning of his life in camp picked a quarrel with his tentmate, and his altercation could be heard the camp over. He was worse than an alarm clock; you could shut off a clock when you wanted to.

Breakfast and supper were served in the huge mess tent. Mr. DeMille, or C. B. as everybody calls him when out of hearing, and his staff ate right in the same tent with the common herd. And how everyone did eat! At home, I usually eat no breakfast at all, but in camp I dallied with ham and eggs, fried potatoes, coffee, bread and butter and breakfast food and a few other such trifles.

My first bit of acting came that first morning. They were shooting slave scenes. Clarence Burton as the remorseless task master was lashing the toiling Israelites to greater efforts, as they bent their bare shoulders to the task of pushing a great Sphinx on wheels to its appointed place in the avenue of Sphinxes. A slave fell from exhaustion. But

Julia Faye, Marcella Daly and I perch on the huge foot of the statue of Rameses II





Above. Out on the desert on location I meet Rod la Roque over an ancient weaving loom. At the left, my first lesson in make-up came from Maurice Tourneur.



the work must go on. At the gesture of the hard-hearted Pharaoh, the great figure was pushed on, right over the crushed body of the fallen slave. I had to register horror, which wasn't hard to do, as it all seemed so real.

The slaves had to look overcome with the heat. It was cold, and the chilly wind was not conducive to perspiration. So they put glycerine drops over the goose-flesh, which made them chillier than ever.

Later Mr. DeMille had me double for Estelle Taylor, and I was properly thrilled.

One day I worked as an Egyptian girl and the next I was a Hebrew maiden. My Egyptian costume is a lovely thing of corn-colored crepe, embroidered. My Hebrew costume, of course, was not nearly so luxurious.

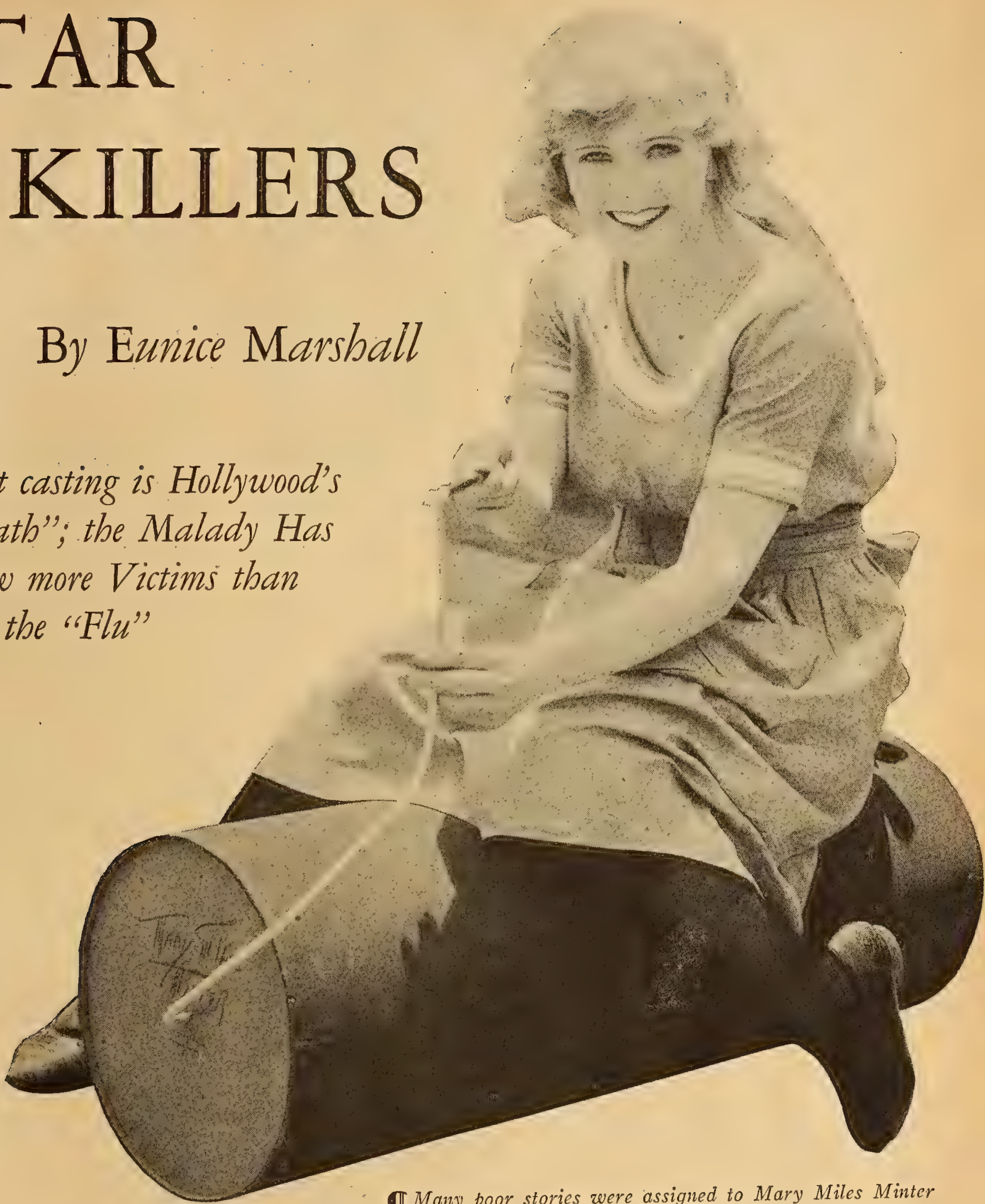
The Exodus

IMMEDIATELY after our early breakfast we hastened, on foot, horseback and via cunning little sleds, according to our station in camp life of the "set." The (Continued on page 86)

STAR KILLERS

By Eunice Marshall

Unintelligent casting is Hollywood's "Black Death"; the Malady Has Laid Low more Victims than the "Flu"



UMany poor stories were assigned to Mary Miles Minter but she never got mad enough to break her contract.

"THE actress who walks in Fox's front door with a contract in her hand can fully expect to be carried out the back entrance—with a lily in her hand."

So spoke Shirley Mason, and her own experience has proven the force of her statement. Shirley is one of the victims of unintelligent casting, a malady that has laid low more victims in filmdom than the "flu". It is Hollywood's "Black Death."

Shirley is one of the cleverest little comedienettes in pictures. She has had long and valuable stage training, beginning with Faversham in *The Squaw Man* at the tender age of four. With the proper roles, she would be fully as successful as her sister, Viola Dana. As it is, she is slowly dying on her feet, in *blaa* ingenue roles in Fox pictures.

Fox has made other martyrs, many of them. Gladys Brockwell was one. Gladys is an actress, a real, 14-karat trouper. She learned her technique in the best of all schools, the stock company. Later she appeared in vaude-

ville and with Willard Mack. Hopefully she came to the screen. And Fox starred her in typical Fox pictures, "sausage films," turned out by the thousand feet as cheaply and as rapidly as the machine could grind. You know the type of pictures they were by the titles: *Pitfalls of a Big City*; *The Devil's Wheel*; *A Sister to Salome*; *Broken Commandments*. And every one was exactly what it sounds like.

So Gladys flourished for a little while and passed on. The glamour of stardom blinded her at first to the fact that Fox program pictures are seldom shown in the big first-run theatres. Perhaps she did not know that her following could be gained only in the little theatres on the side-streets, and in the small towns. But she learned. Finally the light of her stardom flickered and went out, along with her hopes. She was a "has been!"

But though she was down, she was not out. She got her chance to show that she could really act, in *Oliver Twist*, as the frail Nancy Sykes. Let us hope that more casting



Shirley Mason is one of the cleverest comedienues in pictures. Why is her sister, Viola Dana, so much more famous?

FOX PHOTO

directors will see in Gladys Brockwell the dramatic ability that the screen so sadly needs.

Poor Peggy Hyland

POOR Peggy Hyland! Do you remember the furore that her arrival in pictures caused? Peggy the beautiful, flushed with her legitimate successes with Cyril Maude and other English productions, was brought to America by Fox. Then, after all the to-do about her into pictures had subsided, she was given namby-pamby little pictures that would have cramped the style of a Bernhardt. Peggy's glinting green eyes became dark with disappointment, and by and by she sailed back to England, another victim of mis-casting.

Given dramatic roles such as a real actress could get her teeth into, instead of milk-and-water parts, Peggy Hyland would have contributed something of real worth to picturedom.

William Farnum's Sad Fate

WILLIAM FARNUM saw the handwriting on the wall and left the Fox lot, barely in time. Another picture or two like *When a Man Sees Red*, and Bill would be sleeping in the valley, with the mocking birds a 'singing o'er his grave.

Farnum, who was a good actor when a lot of movie producers were running delicatessens for a living, is too good a trouper to waste in pictures of the great open spaces as pictured by a scenario writer in Brooklyn. He yearns to forget he-man, bare-fisted roles, and wants to wear the soup-and-fish in society parts, just to show that he hasn't forgotten how to do it.

And just as a hint, that may or may not be pertinent. Bill toured in *Ben Hur* for five years. Goldwyn announces that there are two qualifications that its *Ben Hur* must fill: he must have a spotless reputation and a powerful physique. Which qualifications have narrowed down the field in Hollywood considerably. But Bill, be it known, has a physique that would make the muscle-bound chap in the physical culture ads yell for a beef, iron and wine tonic. And did you ever hear any scandal about Bill?

And as a third qualification, which Goldwyn doesn't mention as necessary, Bill can act.

What Happened to Betty?

BETTY BLYTHE is one actress that Fox did well by. As Queen of Sheba, the regal Betty got her first real taste of screen fame. It agreed with her so well that she has been pleading for a second helping, but to no avail. She has been starred, but she has also been horribly miscast. *Fair Lady* was a fair sample of the pictures she had to carry on with.

Now, however, Betty Blythe is coming into her own again, in *Chu Chin Chow*, which is being filmed in Arabia.

Other Culprits, Too.

FOX is not alone in its dire work of star-killing. Universal has caused the demise of many a good thespian. And as for Vitagraph, when a star is forced by the pangs of hunger to sign

a Vitagraph contract, they leave an order at the florist's and undertakers without more ado.

Priscilla Dean has long been considered Universal's bread and butter. Fiery, vivacious, popular with adults and children alike, Priscilla's pictures have been highly successful financially. They have not always been good pictures. Some of them have been downright poor. But always Priscilla did her very best, and Priscilla's best goes a long way to make up for a lame story and mediocre directions.

We would like to see Priscilla Dean under Fred Niblo's direction, or Lubitsch's. Lubitsch would make her reach heights to which she has never dreamed of attaining.

As for Vitagraph's martyrs, the greatest of these is Antonio Moreno. The "Black Death" very nearly got Tony. If he hadn't had an unusually strong constitution, his long siege of serial atrocities would have killed him deadlier than King Tut and not nearly so much talked about.

Tony Moreno is one of the potential actors on the screen. I say potential, because he has had so little chance to do any real acting. What little opportunity he has had has been given him by Lasky. He did very well as the young Spaniard in Gloria Swanson's picture, *My American Wife*. Then he was given the arduous task of redeeming *The Trail of the Lonesome Pine*, the last of Mary Miles Minter's pictures under her juicy Paramount contract. And thereby hangs a tale.

What Happened to Mary

ALL the world knows that Mary Miles Minter was a "flop." Paramount lost money on every one of her pictures—or would have, if they didn't avert such disasters by selling their films in "blocks." That is, the exhibitors must buy a number of films or none; the good films in the bunch to make up for certain weak sisters. Mary Miles got her lovely five-year contract under the impression that she was going to be a second Mary Pickford. Producers hadn't yet discovered that after the Lord made Mary Pickford, he broke the mould.

So Mary Miles wasn't the great success she was expected to be. And gradually Mary Miles got overly plump, and wouldn't take her employers' hints that she should reduce. And she didn't take pains to make herself popular around the lot, according to the story. And she had a mother, one of the regular

movie mothers at whose names strong directors blanch.

And so, according to the story, Paramount tried to break the contract. But it was airtight. Mama had seen to that. So in desperation—for it caused the company heads acute agony every Wednesday when about \$7000 dollars had to be paid over to the smiling Mary Miles—the company tried other tactics. The poorest stories and the least desirable directors were assigned to Mary; if she got mad enough, maybe she would break her own contract. But Mary Miles was canny, and didn't get mad out loud. And the contract had to be fulfilled to the bitter end.

So the story goes. But it seems unreasonable to believe that a studio would deliberately injure the value of a star while still under contract. It would be like biting off its nose to spite its face.

Apropos of this story, however, we are reminded of the charge that a certain Hollywood studio regularly starts a campaign against stars whose contracts are ending, so that the advertising already spent on the stars may not rebound to some rival studio's benefit.

One handsome leading man, now dead, bitterly asserted that as soon as his contract expired, the amount of his salary would be used to "break" him with the public. The fact that he had several serious quarrels with the studio



Dorothy Gish was terribly miscast as the dancer in *The Bright Shawl*. Result: another good play gone wrong.

officials, regarding his keeping the "morality clause" in his contract lends an aspect of truth to his statement. There are vendettas carried on in every studio.

Miscast!

SCANNING the lists of new releases and pictures in production, the thinking observer cannot escape the idea that some directors must cast with their eyes shut. Why do they choose misfits for a role, when the obvious choice is in plain sight before their eyes?

Echo answers "Why?"

Louis B. Mayer is to screen *The Virginian* again. Good news. *The Virginian* is a fine story that should make a fine picture. But whom does he choose for the title role?

Kenneth Harlan. Harlan is a good, substantial young actor, but he is not the *Virginian*. He has the parlor finish, the evening-dress flair that Winston Churchill's hero of the plains never had.

Monte Blue would be ideal for the role. He has the softness of the Southerner, along with the virility of the plainsman.

The Virginian has been read and fondly re-read by hundreds of thousands. To see its beloved character mis-cast prejudices such an audience against the picture from the start. A further grievance is that none other than Russell Simpson has been chosen to depict *Trampas*, the little, wizened, miserable half-breed villain of the story. Alas, that Frank Campeau, who portrayed the part so nobly on the stage, was not chosen. And Frank was right in Los Angeles when the mis-casting was perpetrated! Simpson is a splendid actor, few better, but he is not the type. Even his villainies have dignity, and *Trampas* had none.

In Memory of May McAvoy

ONCE upon a time there was a lovely little girl, with pansy-like eyes and rose-petal coloring. She was petite and graceful and in fact was so pretty that few could believe she could have any brains. In addition to these blessings, she could act. She proved it in *Sentimental Tommy*. But she was never called upon for an encore.

Because she was small and pretty and graceful, she was made to appear in saccharine romances, in stories of no plot or value. And when she was offered a real part, unless it was a very big part, she refused it. Which went to prove that maybe the sceptics were not so far wrong.

Fred Niblo offered her the part of Carmen in *Blood and Sand*. But because it was not the leading role, she would have none of it, and Lila Lee got the plum.

Then, as the star system gave way to the all-star cast vogue, Paramount offered to co-star May with Bobby Agnew, in a series of light comedies. You remember how delightful May and Bobby were in *Clarence*? The situation had possibilities, but May wanted to star. So she refused, and left Paramount by mutual agreement.

There ought to be a moral to this somewhere; let's try to find it. A real actor probably has this motto pasted in his hat: "Acting roles are few and far between. When you find one, even though it is a small part, freeze onto it."

Bebe Daniels cherishes such a motto. She has no illusions about stardom. The play's the thing with Bebe, for she has had experience. For two years she starred. She didn't act, but she starred, in spoiled baby, pouting roles in pictures like *Nancy from Nowhere*. At first she flourished like the green bay tree, because she had personality to burn. But little by little she learned that her following was diminishing. She asked not to be starred, but to be featured in all-star casts. William deMille took her in hand, gave her a faith in her own ability, brought out her real self.

A new Bebe appeared in *Nice People* and *The World's*

Applause, no longer the pouting flapper, but Bebe the Woman. She had a siege of the "Black Death," but thanks be, she is convalescing.

Alas for La Clavel

DOROTHY GISH has a will of her own and knows how to attain her ends. So when she decided that she would like to play the part of La Clavel in Richard Barthelmess' *The Bright Shawl*, she got the part. Richard stormed and raged and even ceased speaking to Dorothy, but to no avail. Dorothy donned mantilla and patches with the gay insouciance with which she wore the rags and tatters of her gamin roles.

The result—but you saw the picture? Dorothy Gish was charming and mischievous and alluring...and Dorothy Gish. At no time was she other than a Yankee girl dressed up in a Spanish dancer's costume. Natacha Rambova was the woman for the role. She was Barthelmess' choice. Another dreadful case of mis-casting and another good play gone wrong!

Pola Negri's prestige suffered a severe blow, after the showing of her denatured *Bella Donna*. It wasn't her fault, poor girl. The producers insisted on making the lady censor-proof. But all the fans who had been looking to see the widely advertised Pola Negri in an American film, and all the critics who feared that Pola was being "conventionalized" came to pray and remained to scoff.

The Cheat only confirmed the impression that Negri was Lubitsch. And *The Spanish Dancer* according to dark predictions, is going to deal the fatal death blow. After that, it will be "Thumbs down" for Pola, say the wise ones.

The Spanish Dancer is a jinx play, anyway. It was purchased and adapted from *Don Cesar de Bazan* for Valentino. When he deserted canned drama for cosmetics, the piece was hastily revamped for Charles DeRoche. But so much hostile comment was evoked by DeRoche's advent that it was thought best to turn the French actor into a "heavy." And the jinx script was again revised, making the leading role out of a small feminine part and mutilating the real part, which is the male lead.

Will Pola survive it? We hope for the best, but it wouldn't be a bad idea to have a pulmotor on the premises.

A Hero Doing Villains

LEON BARY spends his days doing dire deeds in pictures. He is a villain of the deepest dye. Yet he has a potent eye and a wicked smile. We won't condemn him by putting him in the would-be Valentino class, but it is a pity that some producer has not capitalized the foreign vogue by giving this polished French actor a chance to break hearts.

His potency is evidenced by the fact that in *Susanna*, in which he played the "heavy," we found ourselves wishing that he would get the gal, instead of the hero with the spit curl and the low comedy grin. Bary is an actor to his finger tips. He supported Rejane and Bernhardt, both in Paris and America.

Manhandling Nita

NITA NALDI is being slowly but surely ruined. She is contributing somewhat to the disaster herself, by letting herself get unduly buxom. She is no longer merely luscious; she is corn-fed.

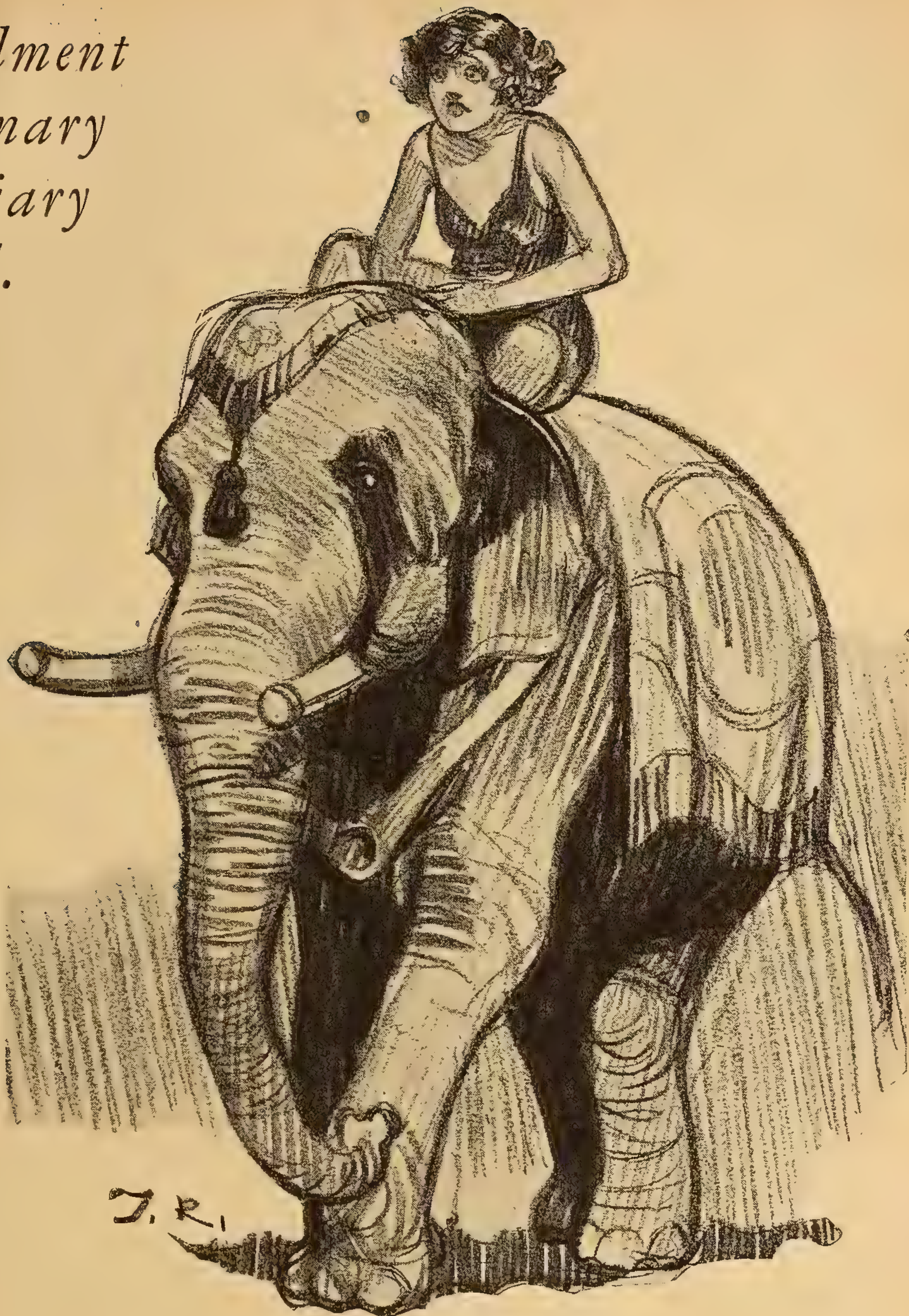
Nita Naldi as Dona Sol in *Blood and Sand* was allure-ment itself. She has the perfect vampire's mouth, cruel as a Medusa's.

But since that tragic masterpiece of Ibanez', Nita Naldi has done nothing worth while. At present her attraction is wholly physical, but beneath it she has a subtlety, a depth that has not yet been plumbed. We would like to see her play a Medici, or a Lucrezia Borgia.

C The third installment of this extraordinary document, the *Diary of an Extra Girl*.

FOOL'S GOLD

Illustrations by
Ted Rupert



LAST NIGHT at eleven-thirty an agency called the Club and left an order for fifteen girls. They order us as they might pork-chops or tender-loin. We were to be in sport clothes and parasols; a summer day on the Aviation field.

It turned out to be one of the few really cold days in Hollywood, the kind the real estate men use the Masonic code about. We all shivered in front of our diminutive gas stove while dressing, and prayed for sunshine. It's funny how important a rôle the old sun plays in life of the movies. Without him we can't work, and with too much of him we get blistered, so we're always praying him either out or in.

As the call was for 7.30 a. m. a taxi was ordered. There is a taxi company in Hollywood that, I'm sure, has a

C The click of the cameras — the patois of the most fascinating guild in the world — the camaraderie of the studios—life as it is really lived "behind the scenes" in screenland—all these are mirrored in this starkly true story of the life of an extra girl

special stand in Heaven for the way they treat the extra girls. Fifteen of us piled, breakfastless, into a huge touring car; make-up boxes, parasols, picture hats and sweaters, and were whirled to the studio for the enormous sum of \$1.00 for the crowd. People think us extravagant to order a taxi, but we know better!

We scrambled out of our car and into one of the huge studio busses. At least three hundred men and women, of all ages, types, and nationalities huddled together on a wild and perilous ride. But no one who hasn't driven madly over Cahuenga Pass in a packed studio bus can realize the thrill of it. The only preparation for it that I can recommend is a ride on one of the old-fashioned "Shoot-the-Shoots" at Coney Island, and even that would feel safe and luxurious by comparison.

The aviation field was reached about eight-thirty. It had been raining a bit for several nights, so the earth was damp and muddy. The foothills were snow-capped, and wintry winds blew over the bare field. There we were all camped for hours, just sauntering up and down gazing into the air at two planes that played about. It looks so simple when one sees a shot of it. It seems such easy money when the Dear Public speaks of it; \$7.50 or \$10.00 a day just to walk onto an aviation field, or a ball room set, or into a theatre; yet there is more to it than meets the eye.

To begin with, we were all so cold we shivered and our teeth chattered. Then there was no place to eat our lunch except to sit on the low bank at the road side. The milk was cold, the food soggy, and stuck in our throats. Then all day my heart ached. I'll tell you why.

My companion, with whom I had to walk arm in arm and gaze skyward, was a dear little French ex-war aviator. He wore a shiny Palm Beach suit that had seen at least four summers. In the eyes of the world he successfully covered his shabbiness, his own aching heart, and his empty purse with his French gaiety and *abandon*. But the French have a way of burning into my soul, and I could read and understand the desperation of this man between every flippant remark he made. He'd given his heart, his all, to France during the war; he'd given it laughingly, yet since his discharge from the army, he had failed in everything he had tried to do. Why? Because he had been married to his plane. His life was in the air. He was a born flier. But there was no chance for him in France. He would come to America, he decided. There they would need him to fly in the pictures. Such economy, such labors, to gather together enough for his passage. New York, then Hollywood. And now that he is here, he is not allowed even to touch his beloved planes, much less fly. No, some handsome movie star can do that. He must content himself with occasional extra work, and watch the others fly; his soul soaring with the plane; his feet stuck in the muddy field beneath. Is it any wonder I ached for him?

But of course his chance will come some day. Stars come and go. I don't really envy them a bit. I don't want their money, but I do sometimes long to say to Gloria, or Mary, or Pauline, "Have you ever been soapless, toothpasteless, powderless? Have you ever put on wet stockings and wet teddies of a morning because you had only one pair to your name, and the fog in the night didn't let them dry out? Tell, me, oh, please tell me, how does it feel to have enough money to buy a whole bottle of perfume instead of one thirty-second of an ounce?"

Pay Day Difficulties

TODAY, my French aviator and the poverty of the Gang smothered me. We had just two dollars between the fifteen of us, and though we all earned seven-fifty apiece, yet we worked for a studio that pays only on Monday. Today is Wednesday, so we must live somehow, waiting till next week to collect. This studio habit never to pay on the day we work tends to make life a bright and pleasantly uncertain affair for the extra girl. For no matter what may come up, she must trip all the way back to the Studio for her day's check, or else she pays twenty cents carfare for the sixteen mile round trip to the Service Bureau and allows them to deduct fifty cents for commission.

But to return to our set. About four o'clock the clouds thickened and showered us with rain. There is really ever a bit of joy to be found, and we found it. The only house in sight was a tiny white shell. California bungalows still look to me like toy houses belonging to toy villages. Well, a crowd of us girls went over, and knocked at the door, hoping to be allowed shelter and the privilege of freshening up a bit. There we truly found the old man who "lived in the house by the side of the road and is a friend to man." For he let us in gladly, and went out into the rain himself, giving us the freedom and hospitality of the little house. We will never forget him.

In about ten minutes we heard the megaphone shouting, and found that although it was still raining, and a wonderful rainbow hung over the fleecy hills, it was thought a good photographic effect, so for an hour we scamp-ered about, cold, muddy, and not too sweet-tempered.

But we are all at home again now, hugging the open fire of our Studio Club, snug

and dry, and with our usual good humor restored. Thank God for the Club, and for the house by the side of the road, and yes, even for soul flights that are responsible for this mad movie career!

Kicks and Thrills

April 4

Y ou get so many real thrills and kicks out of a movie set if you keep your eyes open, and your wits sharpened, and the lid off your laughter box. For so many interesting and amusing things happen.

For instance, on the Robin Hood set where we'd worked for days, there sat all the warriors in armor, and the maids in their picturesque mediaeval costumes, eating *Eskimo Pie*. It was a frightfully hot day and the Eskimo Pie man had found his way into the lot, and during a short recess, all had treated themselves to a chilly bit of painless paraffine poisoning. The effect was ludicrous.

Later that day, when we maidens were up on the turrets waving adieu to our warriors, weeping and wailing into our cheese-cloth scarfs, one dear little girl fainted. Although a green-horn in Hollywood, she was a born actress, and was so touched by her own emoting and genuine tears that she almost fell over the wall. One gets marvelous moments of realism on the mob sets.

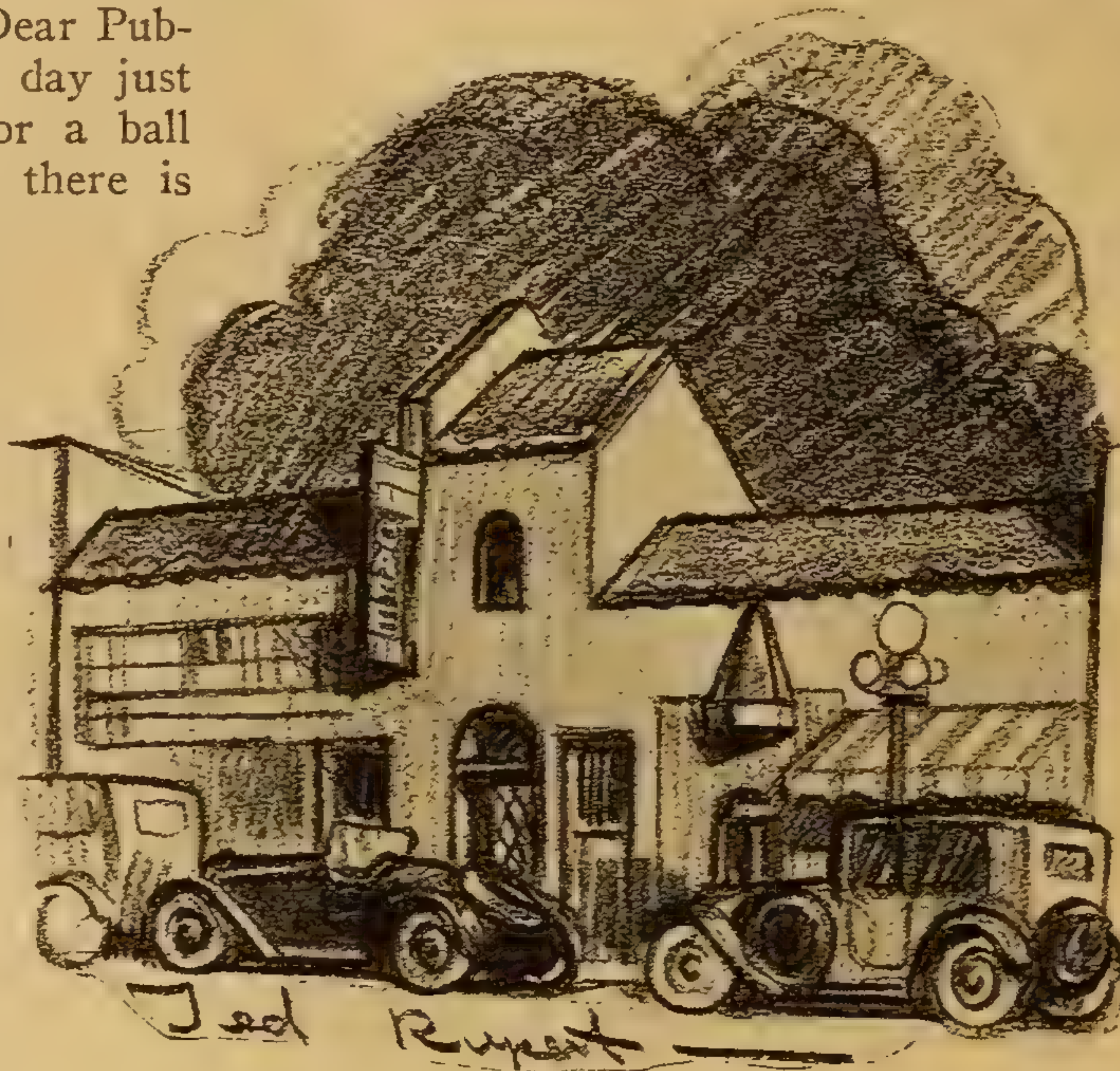
A week or so ago, I worked with Jimmy Young. Victor records should be made of Jimmy's directing, for he is better and far more amusing than "Cohen on the Telephone." Jimmy wanted a man to beat a drum in an oriental dive. The chap beat away lustily enough, but could not get the right effect. Jimmy tore his hair and hoarsely shouted:

"Are there no actors on this set? Has no one here studied the ancient art of pantomime? Can't anybody revert to type and beat a drum as your ancestors would?"

A visitor among the small crowd of onlookers, much bewhiskered and shabby took Jimmy's eye.

"Ah, here is a man," he cried, "I believe he could do it; I see it in his eye."

Manfully the man handled the drum, and sure enough, proved conclusively that he could beat it. In an instant, Jimmy had snatched the tunic off his ham-actor, and had thrown it over the shoulders of his new friend, shouted





Q. "I ask you, could you register desire with a sharp pin sticking straight into you?
Not even Theda Bara could do it."

"Camera", and shot the scene. It suited him. He looked about with eminent satisfaction, joyously affirming, "you see, it takes a born actor to beat a drum," intimating that of course it takes a born director to discover a born actor who is a born drummer. For I afterwards discovered that the man had been a drummer in an orchestra for years, but was now a Hollywood Hobo. But Jimmy is always right.

Another great kick I got was while on location in the desert. Nothing but sand, white, clinging, burning sand, with a few tents and camels to add to the prevailing spirit of antiquity. Peace, miles and miles of peace—in fact too much peace. Life began to smack of dullness after a week of long lazy hours of lolling in the sun before our tents, with the action concentrated between Milton Sills, the Sheik, and Wanda Hawley, his leading lady.

"Pay checks tonight," Billy Bettinger, one of the extra boys beside me, sighed audibly. "I've got to walk the whole bloomin' way into Oxnard to wire it all to Flora, too. She's stranded and is suing me for back alimony. Poor kid, she's had a streak of bad luck, but this is the first steady pay that's blown my way in a dog's age."

Five-thirty, and the last shot for the day. Saturday night and pay checks. With a bit more pep now, we wended our way back to our tents. The peace of the setting sun was settling over the desert. Did I say peace? In half an hour the camp was in an uproar. The whole thing had been looted. Some of our charming fellow extras, it seemed, were ex-convicts and the temptation to walk off with all our portable valuables had proved too much for them.

The management was much wrought up. Everyone at dinner was excited. But the one inconsolable soul was Billy.

"Poor little Flo—she won't understand, and she'll think I've gone back on her. Sick she is, too. My God, what wouldn't I do to get some alimony!"

I did what I could to console him. I let him rave on to me for an hour or so, as we tramped wearily through the dragging sands.

Suddenly the desert stillness was broken by the whir of a motor overhead. We looked up. An aeroplane was circling about our camp, which was lying like white sea gulls in the moonlight. Down swooped the plane. There was a rush to see who it might be. Two men from Lasky's with our pay check money. Our director had communicated by radio, it seemed, and here they were. Billy was speechless with the thrill of it, and trudged joyously into Oxnard to send the wire to Flo. Ah, life is very real: age-old sands, invaded by modern movies with robbers and wireless and aeroplanes and alimony. Ah, me!

The Lace Dress

May 10, 1922.

I GOT an enormous "kick" out of a remark made to me, when about twelve girls from the Studio Club were working on a theatre set, much dressed up. I'd had actually to plead for Pat's lace gown. It is so becoming to me, for the black lace just sets off my vivid wop-beauty, and I felt somehow, that I was to make a hit. The girls always lend things willingly, but on this day, Pat was a bit reluctant, as the lace

was beautiful, and rather ancient, and it must be admitted that sets are hard on clothes. But Pat has a heart of gold, and my promise to guard the dress with my life availed much, so off I strutted, proud as a peacock. It was but an hour later, when one of the girls (Continued on page 82)



C "To whom shall I apologize for tearing the dress you have on?" asked the fiend-in-human-form.

The Social WHIRL

Hollywood High Lights, recorded by

The Tatler

PAIN and patches is the watchword in filmdom these bright days, and all the ladies are coquetting about in crinolines and snowy wigs, while the gentlemen are swashbuckling around the studio sets in flowered waistcoats, lace-trimmed coats and satin breeches so tight that not one of them would dare to stop to pick up a dollar.

The costume picture vogue is raging in Hollywood. "It can't last," the wisecracks predict, but every morning brings the news that another company has stocked up with wigs and rapiers. Even the comediennesses are doing it. Constance Talmadge is all set to romp through *A Dangerous Maid*, which is the title *Barbara Winslow, Rebel*, is to bear on the screen.

Douglas Fairbanks, after months of preparation, is at last starting work on his new picture, *The Thief of Bagdad*. Doug has been hiding out for the last month, letting his hair grow long for the part. So disreputable does he look in the growing-out process that Mary threatens to make him eat in the kitchen.

"*The Thief of Bagdad* will start where *Robin Hood* left off", is the ambitious slogan of the Fairbanks company. Doug will have to come to work early and stay late to make good, methinks.

French romances are the rage now. Count them: *Under the Red Robe*, a Cosmopolitan production; *The Heart of Yoeland*, Norma Talmadge's picture; *Scaramouche*, Rex Ingrams film featuring Alice Terry and Ramon Novarro; and *The Hunchback of Notre Dame*, the Universal film.

Virginia Valli is flaunting herself in hoopskirts in *A Lady of Quality*, and Blanche Sweet is the prettiest thing you ever saw in the brocaded satins of a court lady in *In the Palace of the King*.

Out at Ince's, they are making *The Talisman*, with Wallace Berry swashbuckling in the leading rôle. Ever since his bit of grand larceny in *Robin Hood*, Berry has quite reformed. Even when he seems to be acting very tolerantly villainishly, we smile and remark that "heavies" will be "heavies" and Wally is very nice, really. He is simply spoiled for honest-to-goodness villain rôles.

Our Prize Publicity Boner

RAY COFFIN, the estimable publicity director for Richard Walton Tully, handed the Tatler the giggle of the month. Ray broadcasted a story about Tully having a strain of Indian blood, "being a direct descendant of Pocahontas and Captain John Smith." Considering the embarrassing fact that the dainty Pocahontas was the wife of one John Rolfe, if our historical memory does not fail us, we consider it untactful of Mr. Coffin, to say the least.

The Eternal Feminine

RUTH ROLAND is back in Los Angeles, after her trip to New York as the official representative of the Motion Pic-

ture Exposition. Ruth invited oodles of public officials out to the coast to attend the exposition.

Everybody is traveling these days. Personal appearance trips are all the rage. Which reminds us of Leah Baird and her trip to Texas.

Leah comes from Texas. So does Madge Bellamy. Madge had been talking for months what she was going to do to show the home folks when she did personal appearances throughout Texas. Leah listened silently, and then, just about a month before Madge was to start, Leah set out for Texas. She made a great hit. Most of the towns had never seen a movie actress before. But the cream had been taken off for Madge.

Feminine, eh what?

A Noble Party

WE really should ignore this affair, seeing as how the Tatler didn't get a bid. The other editor did, but not the Tatler. But by a great exhibition of will power, we rise above petty motives to state that the Grand studio party, celebrating Adam Hull-Shirk's election as publicity director, was a noble affair.

It took place on the Grand studio lot, and members of the press gathered round a table that groaned beneath its weight of food and drink. Especially drink.

Monty Banks was there. And Billie Rhodes, looking her prettiest. She's supporting Joe Rock now, you know. Joe was there, too, but we're not mentioning him, because we're mad at him, ever since he cast asparagus on the way the Tatler backs her car out of the garage. What is a few ruined lilac bushes and a stray cat or two between neighbors?

Sid Smith was among those present also.

The feature of the occasion was a punch that Jack Dempsey might be proud of. Ingredients, orange juice and T. N. T. in large quantities. A good time was had by all.

And Speaking of Engagements

EDMUND LOWE, the Goldwyn actor, is reported to be engaged to Lilyan Tashman—yes, she's a Follies girl, you can tell it by the way she spells her name. Lilyan and Edmund met while both were on the stage in New York, and when Edmund came to Hollywood, why, Lilyan got so lonesome she had to follow him. Or something like that.

"I do not confirm the report that we are to be married," said Edmund in conventional Hollywood form, when the Tatler found him in a white velvet suit, dying on a polished floor in Pauline Starke's arms. "But oh gee, no, don't say I deny the report, whatever you do."

But just the same, Edmund's parents met Lilyan at the train at San Bernardino and brought her to Los Angeles by motor. Which looks significant.



At the races. Lois Wilson congratulates the winner, Jimmy Murphy.

Will Is Rudie's Rival

WILL ROGERS is back in Hollywood again, and the film folks received him with open arms. We haven't had a good laugh since he deserted us for the Follies. In Will's farewell speech to his Follies' audience, Will said:

"The last time I went to the coast to make pictures, I went to take Charlie Chaplin's place. This time, I'm going out for Valentino. . . . All that I am and all that I hope to be, I owe to Mineralava!"

We Almost Lost Nazimova

ONE of our most interesting actresses, Nazimova, was almost lost to the screen by an automobile accident that resulted in a disfiguring scar on Madame's right cheek. Nazimova thought for a while that she would have to give up the screen for good. But she had her face "made over" by a plastic surgeon, and now it is better than ever.

Our Dressy Lenore

LENORE ULRICH knows what the public expects of a star. When she stepped off the train in the Los Angeles station on her arrival the other day, she looked as if she had just come from one of Elinor Glyn's teas instead of across-continent tour.

Lenore wore pale blue kid sandals, a gray and blue georgette gown, beaded until it resembled a jeweled mist, a gray wrap studded with silver beads and a gray taffeta hat.

Lenore will appear in *Tiger Rose* which Belasco is supervising for the screen.

The Censors We Have Always With Us

FOR ways that are dark and tricks that are vain, the heathen Chinese is peculiar. But the ways of the censor are even more unfathomable.

When *The Ragged Edge* was shown in New York, the censors barred a 24-sheet poster, showing Mimi Palmeri, the heroine, in a one-piece bathing suit. It was disapproved as "indecent, tending to corrupt morals."

A lobby card, showing the hero fighting the villain, with the heroine standing by, was barred because of the caption under it: "Take me, but spare his life." The erudite custodians of our morals considered that dear, familiar 10-20-30 line as "inhuman" and "tending to incite to crime."

A Social Butterfly

AS A SOCIAL butterfly, Dick Barthelmess is there. Dick went up to Trinity College during Commencement week, and the academic shades were shaken to their foundations. Or do shades have foundations? Anyway, Dick was the belle of the ball, and every co-ed considered the class-day dance a total loss unless she had at least one dance with Richard.

Richard is Trinity's most distinguished son. During his visit, he was guest of honor at a dinner given by the Hartford Press Club.

There's more to making costume pictures than knowing how to wear a rapier without tripping on it. You've got to have a vocabulary.

The other day, Matt Moore was exhorting his motley crew of cut-throats in Fred Niblo's pirate picture, *Captain Applejack*.

"Back, ye white-livered sea swine, or I'll slit your gullets," he stormed.

"Aw, shut up or I'll bust you on the nose," came back one of his crew.

"Oh, terrible, awful!" exclaimed Fred Niblo. And the scene had to be retaken, after the culprit had learned to call his mate a scurvy varlet instead of a dirty bum.

Tears, Idle Tears

ACTING in the movies has its tearful side. Decidedly!

The other day the Tatler watched Mary Alden do an emotional scene in *The Eagle's Feather*. Just as she had worked herself up to the emotional pitch necessary to bring genuine tears to her eyes, the film in the camera buckled. The tears streamed down Mary's face, wasted.

On the second attempt, just as the tears brimmed over, the lights flickered so badly that the director demanded a re-take.

On the third trial, the dratted camera ran out of film right in the middle of the deluge.

"Let's try it once more, please," begged the director.

"All right", said Mary wearily. "But please remember, I'm an actress, not a geyser."

It Was Pure Habit

MAYBE it was because Anna Q. Nilsson was so recently

a bride herself that the Los Angeles chapter of Disabled War veterans invited her to be the bride in the mock wedding they celebrated at the Ambassador recently. The affair was for the benefit of the chapter's "war chest."

It was a military "wedding." Anna Q., gorgeous in white satin with long lace veil, and Lieutenant Harry Watson as the bridegroom, passed under a canopy of swords held by fellow officers of the "groom." Bill Reid, son of our dear lamented Wally, was the ringbearer. William Desmond, all dressed up like a clergyman, performed the mock ceremony. The bridesmaids were the prettiest girls in twenty-four Southern California cities.

Our Rarified Social Atmosphere

FILM society out here on the coast is becoming so "400"-ish that there's barely an ex-barber left in our circle. Park Benjamin 2nd, noting the welcome accorded to Craig Biddle, has left Wall Street to stagger on as best it may and has come out to break into pictures.

Benjamin is a Columbia University man who got such a kick out of playing a small part in *Under the Red Robe* in the east that he decided his career lay in acting rather than in stocks and bonds.

Park is diplomatic.

"The New York society girl is a sham," said he. "She hasn't one good quality and is worthless even to herself. But the California girls, ah! I am struck by their wholesome beauty and their sparkling eyes!"

The boy ought to get along in California.

So far no actress has denied the rumor of engagement to Benjamin. Perhaps he's already married! *Quelle horreur!*

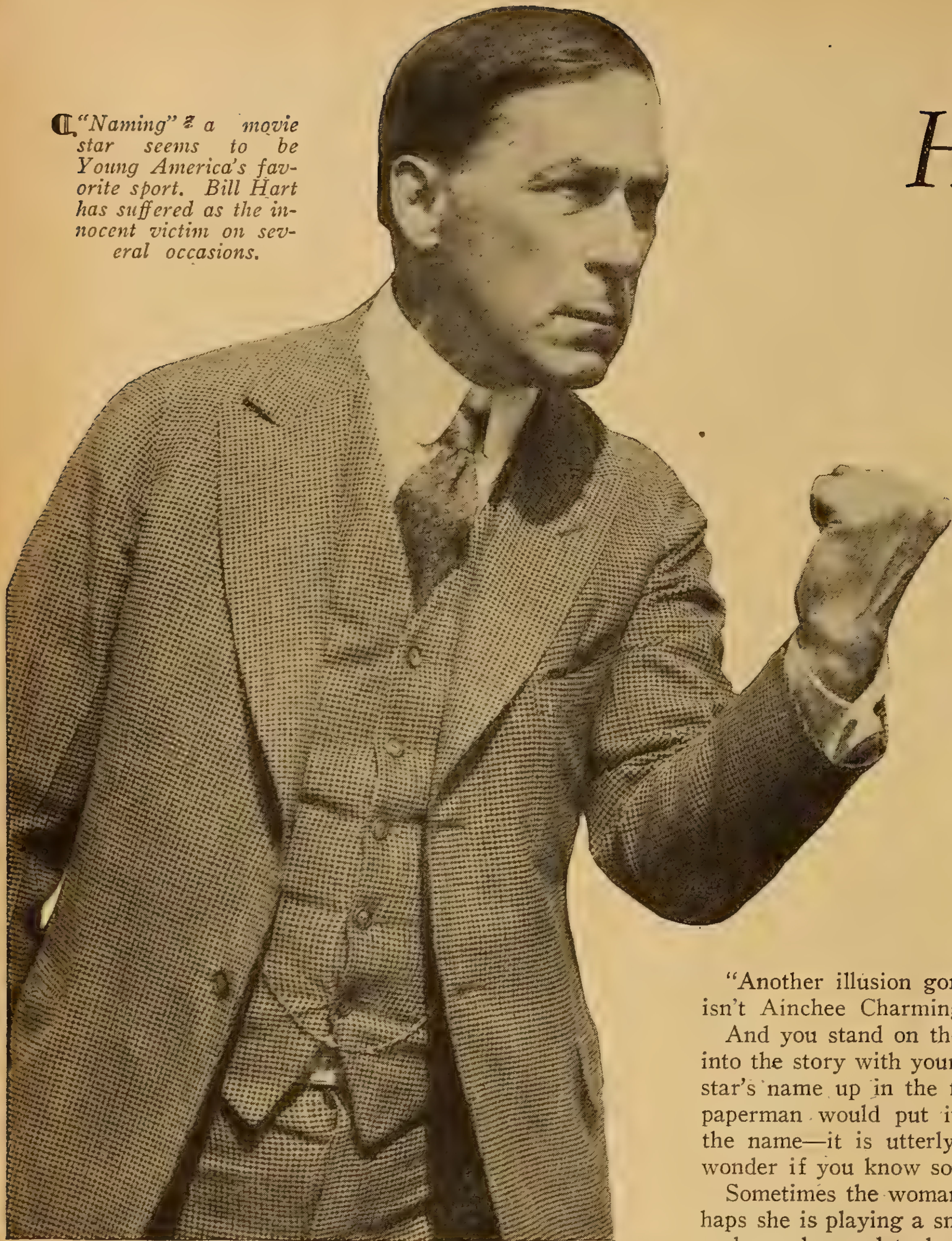


C Twenty-eight earnest eaters gathered around the festive board at the Grand Studio's party. Besides mere press people, Monty Banks, Billie Rhodes and Sid Smith were present.

Hollywood

By Barry

C"Naming" a movie star seems to be Young America's favorite sport. Bill Hart has suffered as the innocent victim on several occasions.



C Non-professional wives who want a divorce keep an eye on hubby when he comes to Hollywood. But movie wives, scandal-shy, have to get along with plain incompatibility.

LOS ANGELES, the temperamental, city of lemons and prunes and beautiful—ah, so devastatingly beautiful—co-respondents, how oft thy name appears in sensational divorce stories in the newspapers of the world!

How mightily have thy daughters worked that the circulation of great dailies might be increased—how mightily, and how wickedly, and with what magic of romance!

A story right out of Hollywood, decorates the first page of your favorite morning paper.

"Film Star Named"—the headline cries with louder voice than that of the noisy gamin who sells it to you.

"Another illusion gone," you say to yourself, "I hope it isn't Ainchee Charming!"

And you stand on the corner, until you have eaten down into the story with your hungry eyes—for not always is the star's name up in the first paragraph where a good newspaperman would put it. And sometimes—when you find the name—it is utterly unfamiliar to you. You begin to wonder if you know so many of the stars after all.

Sometimes the woman mentioned isn't a star at all. Perhaps she is playing a small bit, perhaps she is an extra girl, perhaps she used to be an extra girl.

Sometimes she may even be a scenario writer, or a stenographer in an obscure studio. That was the reason the newspaperman buried her name way down in the story. A good newspaperman would have put her name in the lead, told you exactly who she was, written a couple of sticks about her—say 150 words—and let it go at that.

But the other—possibly on orders from the boss—writes a column about the poor little nobody so that the story may carry the banner—the eight column line—and the copy reader may label her a film star. This writer is clever. He calls her a beautiful Hollywood girl, a movie vamp, a cinema beauty—anything but her name, until you have read down several hundred words.

He has made you all excited. He has given you a few minutes of delight, or anxiety, or interest at least, that more than repays you for your pennies. But he has given you a false impression, and he has given the movie folks an undeserved stigma. He has distorted the story out of all proportion, and all truth. Therefore, however clever he may be, he is not a good newspaperman, even if acting under orders.

Now of course, there have been film stars—real stars or near stars—stars that shine and shines that star—who have been named in divorce complaints; or whose names have been mentioned in anger and little reverence by angry wives.

Co-respondents

Vannon

And you won't find their names buried—no matter who writes the story. The top of the front page for them.

It is because of the good reporters, and the other kind—the truth and the lies—that Los Angeles, or that part of it called Hollywood, has such a piquant reputation.

Why Husbands Leave Home

TIMOTHY J. HOOZIS has read many of these stories—some honest, some exaggerated. And Timothy's nagging wife has read them too—and commented on them.

Timothy tires of his wife, and buys a round trip ticket to the coast. He makes it a point to be seen with some beautiful girl at some smart cabaret, say one of the Sennett bathing beauties. He has his picture taken with her, or he breaks into print with her—maybe in an auto accident, maybe in a fight with a bus boy at the Hotel Swellador.

Mrs. Hoozis gets wind of the scandal—and the papers have another story. Another film star has been named! A couple of thousand extra papers are sold. Increased circulation gets more advertising, and fattens the advertising ante. A man's folly and a girl's beauty have put a little money in the treasury of a newspaper thousands of miles away from them.

Perhaps Timothy wanted Mrs. Timothy to get that picture, or that little squib about the fight. Pretty slick, eh?

And Tim's example inspires Ben Zine, whose wife won't let him smoke in the house. You think this is far-fetched?

The Professional Co-respondent

IT WAS but a few months ago that Oscar H. Maryatt, who drove a car for a certain Hollywood studio, wrote letters to his wife, Mildred Gray Maryatt, telling her how much Barbara La Marr loved him.

He rhapsodized about Barbara's warm affections. He was fluent. He was lyric. He effervesced. He—well—slopped over.

Mrs. Maryatt rushed to her attorney. Things were shaping



Miss Elizabeth MacCaulley, who falsely charged Hart with being the father of her baby, and the child whom she now confesses she borrowed from a neighbor.

up for a smashing big story that would travel around the world. And the headlines wouldn't have said: "film star named." They would have mentioned Barbara's name in barbaric type.

But at the last minute Maryatt confessed that the star didn't love him—that the only times he had ever seen Miss La Marr were when she was in the studio car. He took back all his passionate letters, he denied them up and down—before a notary and after an interview with Barbara's advisers.

Kind Deed Imperils Viola Dana

INSTANCE another case—that of the winsome little Viola Dana.

While Viola was still in the hospital, recuperating from a parting with her beloved appendix, a New York newspaper wired its Hollywood co-respondent about as follows:

"A Mrs. Stewart intends suing her husband for divorce, and naming Miss Dana. Claims she has numerous letters written by Miss Dana to Stewart. Please interview Miss Dana as soon as she is strong enough to bear the shock."

This newspaper—one with a circulation that makes it independent and an owner who believes in fair play—printed nothing about the matter while Miss Dana lay in the hospital, unable to defend herself.

It was more than a week after Viola had begun to get back her strength—via the

(Continued on page 89)

VISITING 'Round



C Extras on the chicken roost along the wall. Myrtie Manners feels the wardrobe department has done well by her. Ellabelle Ellwell has a cold and some new photographs; the costuming of the photographs explains the cold. Maryon Gay is trying to chew gum and smoke a cig at the same time

C Emma Mae Withers, the script girl who lunches alone and believes a woman can do anything a man can

C The waitress who wears her make-up continuously, in case an observant director notices that she is a "type"



In FILMDOM



C. *Screenland's Staff Artist
Joins the Noonday Throng
at Armstrong & Carleton's*

By Ted Rupert



C. *Patient portions of the populace, optimistically expecting to get tables. The young feller in the foreground, who has been trying to impress his lady friend with his familiarity of things Hollywoodish, is much gratified at the way in which Mr. Armstrong has just said, "Good evening, sir", just like that*

C. *C. Crosthwaite Cornelius, the director and his pessimistic airedale. The canine escort not only identifies him as a director, but keeps aspirants at a distance*



FILMY FANNY'S NIGHTMARE

FILMY FANNY, a pure young girl from Chicago, who had never seen any excitement, came to Hollywood, to steep herself in the film capital's well advertised iniquity.

But Filmy Fanny was hardly prepared for the violent gastronomic gymnastics which her first meal in Hollywood let her in for.

For Fanny went to a cafeteria and mixed avacado salad, artichokes and orange marmalade. Then, she staggered into an orange drink stand, and tossed off two glasses of the raw yellow juice.

She rode nightmares the whole night through.

She saw herself surrounded at a party in Cecil DeMille's home, with every favorite she had come to Hollywood to see. And oh, what a shock Filmy Fanny got!

And Gloria Swanson's "fighting face" had been one of the traditions Filmy Fanny had been living on—

AShe had heard that Mary Miles Minter was getting fat but—

AWhen Bill Hart fixed her with his keen, cold eyes she no longer wondered why Elizabeth McCauley said he had a "horse face."





And Fanny just knew that fair Mae Murray had arched her eyebrows and pouted her mouth so long that she had frozen that way.



The only flaw that Clara Kimball Young revealed to Filmy Fanny's adoring eyes was a rather long nose.

But when Mack Sennett's prize bathing girl, Phyllis Haver, got stuck in the doorway because she was too plump to make it without turning sideways, Filmy Fanny gave a mighty yell and rolled out of bed.



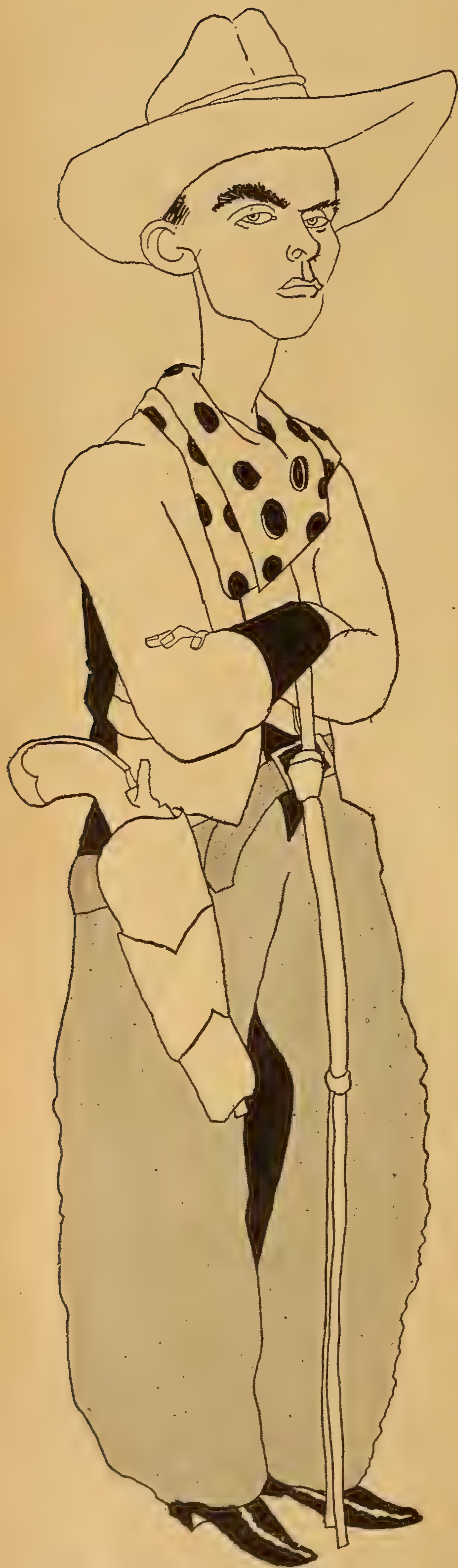
If anyone had a right to be a highbrow, it was certainly Douglas Fairbanks, Fanny argued, but oh, the difference in his looks!

She recalled with horror the stories told of Pola's temperamental soul—how she could have anything else but, with that face.



The Flowing Embers

Sketches by Walter Kinstler



☐ Jim Barton and his trained "dogs" are the only things in "Dew Drop Inn"; but after all, that's something.

☐ Below, Louis Mann, seated in the lap of luxury, being upheld at the last by his "old reliable" George Sidney, Douglas Wood in the role of Thos. Craig, the financier, and Neil Pratt as the country banker. The Messrs. Mann and Sidney stand toe to toe in the third act and it's "pun and pun about" while the audience and the New York newspapers' dramatic critics agree that "Give & Take" is the funniest show in town. Barnum was right.



☐ Glenn Hunter as Merton Gill, the Tragic Comedian in Merton of the Movies.

of a Dying Season

Henry Herbert who as Mr. Sakamoto in "Uptown, West" gives a poignantly real characterization.



May Galyer, as Grandma—Louise Huff, the Cinema Artiste, as the title role and Morgan Farley, as her kid brother, all from "Mary, the 3rd"—which is nothing to get excited over, written by Rachel Crothers, in her most solemn manner.



"Al's here, Mr. Haul-ey" Richard O'Connor, as Al, the Boot-legger—Eva Williams, as Nellie, the Hired Girl, and Harry Beresford, as Clem Hawley, making Don Marquis' lines seem extraordinarily bitter in "The Old Soak" which had a run of over 350 performances at the Plymouth Theatre.

SCREENLAND'S



WIDE WORLD PHOTO

Katherine MacDonald, who so recently announced her intention of being an old maid, has again taken to herself a husband, this time C. F. Johnson, a Philadelphia millionaire. The smiling pair are snapped on the boardwalk at Atlantic City.



WIDE WORLD PHOTO

Barbara LaMarr has had quite a few husbands, but she never had a red-headed one—until she married Jack Daugherty. Barbara and Jack are on their honeymoon, enjoying a trip around the world.



WIDE WORLD PHOTO

NEWS REEL



WIDE WORLD PHOTO

☛ Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., arriving in Los Angeles to star in Paramount pictures. Young Doug is with his mother, Mrs. James Evans, the first Mrs. Douglas Fairbanks, and his grandfather, Daniel Sully.



WIDE WORLD PHOTO

☛ We wonder if they are looking for spirits. June Mathis escorts Sir Arthur Conan Doyle about the Goldwyn studio grounds.



☛ Mr. Cecil B. DeMille entertains five out of eight individuals from all parts of the country, who suggested to him the idea of making "The Ten Commandments" as a motion picture and who were awarded \$1,000 each in a nation wide contest for a new cinema idea, which had 30,000 replies.

The ONCE OVER

JUANITA MILLER, daughter of Joaquim Miller, late poet, is married to the sun. The wedding occurred at high noon on June 19th in the palace shown at the bottom of this page. Juanita was perched high upon a column like Paphnutius, the monk. Juanita sought the love of the Sun. Paphnutius fled the love of Thais.

Two hundred and eighty feet below, the Goldwyn company of "The Palace of the King" waited for Juanita to descend. For four days and nights they had waited, coaxing her to resume her part of a court favorite in the fifteenth century.



Q. Doings of the Great and Near Great on the sunny shores of California

A bed was brought to her on the second night and food was hoisted to her, good earthy food that had not much to do with the bride of the Sun.

Towards sunset of the fourth day the blushing bride descended, more sunburned than blushing perhaps, but very happy.

"The setting of the story accelerated my imagination," she explained, after the wedding breakfast and just before she left for Oakland, Cal., her home.

"Spain always signifies yellow to me and the Sun is yellow. I felt as though I must marry and complete the yellow cycle through which I was passing.

"So I climbed to the top of the column on the palace and waited for the consummation of our love. Long I waited and I could not descend until the Sun had passed its meridian on the fourth day."

Here Miss Miller was reminded that the sun was obscured by a heavy sea fog on the day of her nuptials.

"Ah," she sighed. "He was sad, knowing I was sad. It was fitting that he show some sorrow."

"When my husband passed his meridian he spelled 'L-O-V-E' to me. The 'l' was for light, the 'o' for optimism, 'v' meant vitality and 'e', eternity.

"Thus was our wedding sealed with a spiritual kiss.

"You see I have passed through all the physical cycles and my next plane is green. Some night when all the world looks green to me I shall wed the Moon. To me the moon is always green.

"Men," she scoffed at the mention of them. "I'm through with all that. The sun, the moon, the winds—they are my everlasting lovers."

"But wait just one moment," she called to the interviewer.

"Be sure and mention my director's name, Emmett Flynn," she spelled the name carefully.

"And did you get the name of the picture right? And the part I was playing? I'll be back in Hollywood and be in pictures soon. Are you going to use my picture? Good 'bye!"

A Thrilling Battle

EVERY Friday evening we have fights at the American Legion. But the other noon at a Hollywood café, we had a battle not on the schedule. Active combatants were Johnny Walker, the actor, and

Q. At the right, Betty Compson shows how she keeps slim. Try it over on your piano some time.



John Wesley Gray. The *causus belli* was as follows:

Walker hired Gray to write the subtitles for *The Real Thing*. Payment agreed upon, according to Johnny, was to be \$1,000. After the subtitles were written, Gray held out for more than \$1,000, which Walker refused to give. So Gray went to a lawyer.

More than that, Gray slapped a writ of attachment on Johnny's car, his bank-account and finally, on the picture. And as a final blow, Johnny heard that Gray was saying unkind things about him.

The two met in the café at lunch time. They met and mixed. And Johnny conquered.

"He has been paid in full," said Johnny briefly, blowing on his knuckles. Gray didn't comment.

Bill Hart to Return

BILL HART will soon be riding range again, at least so far as pictures go. As soon as the story of his vindication of the charges made against him by Elizabeth MacCaulley, Bill announced that he would start work on a Lasky picture immediately.

Bill is a writer as well as an actor. A series of stories for boys is being syndicated, under the by-line of the famous western actor.

Ralph Lewis Loses Father

RALPH LEWIS, the veteran character actor, is mourning the death of his father. Lewis arrived in Chicago just in time to reach his father's bedside before the end came.

Evelyn Brent Wanted Action

EVELYN BRENT felt that it took Douglas Fairbanks too long to get started on his picture, *The Thief of Bagdad*, so she left his company to play the feminine lead in Peter B. Kyne's *Harbor Bar*.

Kyne insists that his opinion of motion pictures and motion picture people is very low, but he keeps right on selling stories to them.

And Still They Come

THE foreign deluge continues. Mlle. Jeanne Balzac, great grand-niece of Honoré de Balzac, has arrived in Hollywood from Paris. She is to play a part in the filming of her distinguished ancestor's story, *The Magic Skin*. A reception committee, including notables of the French colony in Los Angeles, greeted her at the Los Angeles station.

Rush Rushes In

ANYONE who says there is no royal road to success in the fillums, except along the sex route, ought to look at Rush Hughes, son of Rupert, Goldwyn's pet director. Rush is only nineteen, but he's going to work in Dad's picture regularly, leaving a career as chemical engineer as being not nearly exciting enough.

Sub Rosa

A FAVORITE saying in Hollywood is that if you work for Universal you are sure to keep your modesty, for few know you are in pictures. But newspaper notices inform us that Marie Wells is a "prominent figure in the film world." This sudden boost to Marie comes because she marries Paul Kent, "a member of one of Los Angeles' pioneer families." A strange phenomenon has been noticed here; as surely as any pretty girl gets into the day's news,

she immediately becomes a star, or at least "prominent in the film world," even if she is only an extra and nobody except the folks back home have ever seen her on the screen.

Another Hollywood Tragedy

JERRY grieved himself to death because his contract was ended; no more would the Kleig lights play around his saturnine face; gone was his fame, perished his fortune. Jerry could stand it no longer. He refused food, and he died. Now there are only two hyenas in captivity in this country, where three flourished before. Jerry was used in *Human Wreckage*, Dorothy Davenport Reid's anti-narcotic film, to represent the beast of narcotic addiction.

Assorted Sneezes

THIS art business is a serious thing. And far be it from Mary Jane Sanderson to take it lightly. When the script calls for her to sneeze in *Blow Your Own Horn*, Mary Jane gives the matter scientific consideration. She evolves a system by which she can sneeze a tiny, tiny sneeze, and a middle-sized sneeze, and a great big sneeze. Her method is not copyrighted. She just graduates the doses of pepper. A cunning little press agent yarn, but it may amuse the children. Something for the whole family—that's our motto!

Anti-Climax

JUST as the same door in a theater is both Entrance and Exit, according to whether you are on the inside or outside, so is vaudeville both the entrance and exit of the motion picture profession.

Mary Miles Minter has taken her exit from pictures in vaudeville. Probably her contract does not call for a million dollars, as did her famous Paramount document. And it is problematical just how avid an audience will be to see Mary in the flesh,—at least she has plenty of it for them to see.

An Anti-Mother Complex

WE hear so much of Freud these days that we just run to complexes and things like that. But it is doubtful if that is what June Love Walton calls her attempts to evade her active mother, Mrs. Nina E. Robinson, whose latest sensation is a note announcing that she has drowned herself. June, for some time with Universal and Century comedies, just won't believe that Mama has done anything of the sort. She says she knows Mama too well. June believes it is just another attempt of her mother to find her daughter, who is always hiding from her.

Keep the Home Fires Burning

THE Jewish propensity for fires isn't left behind when clothing magnates become film capitalists. Fires simply pursue our rich men out here. If it isn't Universal that is menaced by flames, it is sure to be Goldwyn or Fox or some other studio. One wonders if the fire bug is not encouraged because it gives the studio reporting such a blaze to the papers, a chance to list all of the pictures which might have been destroyed if the blaze had reached the storage vaults. Goldwyn's latest heralds the sad news that \$11,000,000 worth of films were endangered by a fire which destroyed one section of the laboratories. None was destroyed, of course, but what a peachy chance to list all the films which Goldwyn has on hand!

(Continued on page 94)

The Picture of the Month

The Brass Bottle



MAURICE TOURNEUR and comedy haven't been exactly chummy; you wouldn't call them the Siamese twins of the industry, yet Tourneur has turned out the best comedy drama of the season, and probably of the year.

If you don't laugh at Harry Myers in *The Brass Bottle*, you're hopeless. And aside from being a personal triumph for our loveable hero of *The Connecticut Yankee* it is going to do a lot to prove to the doubting Thomases who think Ernest Torrence just must be an accident that Torrence is a great comedian as well as a great villain, and one of the most versatile wearers of grease paint we have ever had.

The novel by F. Anstey has been transferred almost bodily to the screen, and certainly not an ounce of possible comedy was left out of the delightful screen version. One of the strongest casts in this year of imposing roll calls has given a calibre of acting that seems inspired in almost every instance.

First comes a magnificent prologue, in which the sets—bizarre, rich, fantastically lighted—cast a glamor over the whole performance. There's a little tragedy of King Solomon's time, showing how he almost lost one of his most beautiful wives and his own life to a hated rival—the wily Fakrash (Ernest Torrence). Barbara La Marr has only a bit as Solomon's philandering mate, but she makes the most of it, managing to wear the most gorgeous costumes with the most seductive grace. A masterly piece of make-up introduces a creature of pure fantasy—the one-eyed magician, who works his pleasant little tricks of black magic on Fakrash, after Solomon has been

(Continued on page 91)





THE new long coat and the correct straight lines of the Autumn three piece suit are seen in this costume of blue kasha cloth banded and embroidered with silver yellow kasha wool, worn by Gloria Swanson. The double circular cuffs are a feature, and the coat is sleeveless. The hat is a black taffeta and gros-grain ribbon.



FOR the girl going back to college, a suit such as this one worn by Mary Astor is indispensable. It is of beige covert cloth, and the youthful short coat has a Russian blouse suggestion, emphasized by rows of braid in key pattern. The hat, an ideal shape for traveling is trimmed with folded gros-grain ribbon.

GLORIA Swanson demonstrates the most popular type of sweater, now that knitting is unpopular.

AUTUMN FASHIONS

*Hints of Advance
Styles from the Screen*



GREY crêpe Romaine forms this attractive fall costume of Gloria Swanson. The skirt has a double founce, draped at the hip, and the coat is a Russian blouse trimmed at the collar and the slashed cuffs with grey lapin.

METAL cloth is still a favorite for Autumn evening gowns and one of the best reasons for its popularity is its becoming effect when used in such gowns as this worn by Betty Compson. The silver cloth is backed with mauve and combined with silver thread lace.

LITTLE

PETER THE GREAT

Paramount

Another brilliant German-made production, created, this time, by a Russian, Dimitri Buchowetzki. Dealing shrewdly and incisively with the famous leader who created the vast Russian empire out of a mighty maelstrom of superstitions. These people of history live and breathe. The *Peter* of Emil Jannings is superb, at once brutal and tender, loving and merciless, a mighty king among his treacherous followers, a man of playful amours behind the royal scenes. The American cutting is adequate, save towards the conclusion, where some important matter seems to be missing. Jannings dominates the production, of course, but Dagny Servaes is an admirable *Catherine* and Bernhard Goetzke is excellent as the prime minister.



HUMAN WRECKAGE F. B. O.

It is a debatable point whether or not "Human Wreckage," Mrs. Wallie Reid's celluloid attack upon the dope traffic, is a good thing for picturedom. To us, the effect is gruesome. We dislike to have the likeable, happy-go-lucky Wallie's name linked so grimly in the public's mind to the weakness that killed him. And—again—we look upon the theater as a place of entertainment rather than of propaganda. "Human Wreckage" is the story of a young attorney and his desperate fight against the narcotic habit. The lawyer is well played by James Kirkwood and the wife is adequately done by Mrs. Reid. Actually, the best performances are by George Hackathorne and Bessie Love.

HINTS *for* PLAYGOERS



THE WHITE ROSE
(Griffith)

One remarkable thing concerning this picture is that it recreated the reputation of an old favorite—Mae Marsh. Miss Marsh's acting was sincere and moving. So much cannot be said of Ivor Novello, whose attitudinizing remind one of Rex Ingram's co-called find—Ramon Navarro.

Mr. Griffith, himself, has put some fine touches into this picture, but he also put in some fine dramatic pauses. His style reminds us of the inveterate after-dinner speaker who pauses after each of his remarks and waits for the applause. Mr. Griffith's picture pauses between every frame. When he walks a cat across the stage, it is done with a slow impressiveness that adds awe and mystery. One is impressed with it in spite of one's decision to be cynical.

MERRY-GO-ROUND
Universal

This is the Universal production started by Erich Von Stroheim and finished by Rupert Julian. An interesting—and different—story of decadent Vienna in the days when the clouds of war were whipping across the horizon. At basis, it is the old, old Laura Jean Libbish romance of the nobleman and the gal from "below stairs," here a count of the royal court and a little worker in the Prader, the Coney Island of Vienna. You easily recognize the parts made by the brilliantly brutal Von Stroheim. Here you will find five flashes of passion of intrigue that are both daring and frankly limned. Norman Kerry is surprisingly good as the count, although the role shrieks for Von Stroheim, himself. Mary Philbin is another surprise as the girl. And George Hackathorne has admirable moments as the Hunchback—moments that suggest Walthall and Harron.



¶ An Extra Girl Tells You the Truth About Hollywood—Continued from page 60

Fool's Gold

on the set not so well known to "the Gang," but on to all the Club tricks, caught the lace of my borrowed creation on her beads, giving it a most unmerciful tear. My crest drooped. She turned to me and in a loud voice asked,

"To whom shall I apologize for tearing the dress you have on?"

If Ann Hathaway had lived at the Studio Club, she would never have allowed Bill Shakespeare to write those immortal words: "Neither a borrower nor lender be, for loaning loses both itself and friend, and borrowing dulls the edge of husbandry."

But extra girls in Hollywood wouldn't be able to work half the time, if it wasn't for their friends' borrowed clothes, and the Club has an understanding of true generosity that no words can really describe.

Once, three of us got a job on the same sweater, and no one knew about it till the next morning. One of the studios needed three girls in sports clothes for a bit. Lois Lee owned a good looking black and white sweater. Mack Sennett's studio called her. She had worn her sweater and sports outfit there before. Director on the wire:

"Miss Lee, a nice bit for you. Six days at a Country Club. Report tomorrow at eight-thirty in your black and white sport suit."

"Six days!" Lois was elated.

Ethel was called by an agency.

"Be at Mack Sennett's tomorrow at eight-thirty. Six days. Have you a nice sport suit?"

Ethel mentally ransacked the collective wardrobe of the Club, her heart pounding. Yes, there was Lois' black and white sweater.

"Yes," she shouted joyously through the telephone, "I have a really smart one."

"O-K."

I myself knew the Assistant Director at Sennetts, and ambled in that day to see if there was anything doing.

"Have you a stunning sport suit?" he asked.

Lois' being the only good looking one in the house, and knowing with the certainty of death, that she would lend it to me, I answered glibly,

"Yes indeed, I have a beauty!"

"All right," he replied, "be on the set at eight-thirty. Six days work."

I was jubilant. We went out to dinner and went "stepping" that night, so didn't compare jobs.

Next morning at seven-thirty, the three of us dove into the closet of the "Sanctum" for the coveted sweater at the same moment. We found that Pat had taken it the day before to wear

on a week-end party at Coronado!

Our lives are by no means all thrills, however. There are the quaint kicks of having to pay more for the rented gown for one day's set than you can earn in a month, just because an obliging comedian among the extra men spills lemonade liberally all over your lap. There is the joy of having your best tooth knocked out in a mob fight, and your only pair of silk stockings ruined by contact with a field of burrs. You may thrill at riding horseback all day in the sun, but at night the girls will assure you, quite candidly, that your beautiful henna-dyed hair has been burned to a curious cross between magenta and cerise. The thrill on Monday of your first written contract, will send you to the stars, but on Tuesday you will be back on earth again, facing the cold hard fact that you are sitting on the curb stone leaning for support against a telephone pole. The company who promised you a lead at a hundred and fifty a week at nine a. m. went into bankruptcy at ten, and your landlord put you out at eleven. With what speed do events move in Hollywood, and with what fortitude does one learn to sustain shocks!

Castor-Oil

Decoration Day 1922.

WHEN kiddies spend Decoration Day playing at the beach, their mothers usually have to put them to bed early, and pour a dose of castor-oil down their little throats so they can survive their intimacy with the ice-cream-cone-man.

The extra girls who worked in a Viola Dana picture one Decoration Day at the beach craved to be treated just like the kiddies, except that they begged that the castor-oil be poured into their eyes instead of down their throats.

It was this way: we had been called to Santa Monica at seven-thirty a. m. Tourists from the east must have envied us that day. Free as the white gulls, we gaily pranced and skipped and ran and leaped, our bodies gleaming in the sun. The day was hot; one of the scorching, blazing days that drive one either to shade or into the cool sea. We were stockingless, hatless, sleeveless. In fact, our little one-piece bathing suits were rivaled in briefness only by the reported costumes of Solomon's Concubines.

At first, it was sheer fun, but the fierce old sun's rays soon proved merciless. How we longed to dip into that heavenly blue coolness at our feet. But alas, the drops of water that hit us were few and far between. Only our pink toes and scarlet, sun-scorched legs occasionally got dampened. But as the blistering day wore on, most of the shots were of us lying on the beach, or flapping about as only the proverbial "Film Flappers" can flap. I paraphrased the *Ancient Mariner* thus:

"Water, water, everywhere,
And not a place to sink!"

The burning sands beneath us were as nothing to the burning, glaring monster above us. My eyes began to feel as if they were on fire, for not content with the mere sun, they used huge mirror reflectors that caught the full glory of the sun and threw it back into our faces.

At four p. m. I sneaked off the set; a thing I've never done before, and never expect to do again. But I had to this time, because my head felt as though in another minute it would burst and what little brains I possess would be scattered on the waters of the Pacific. I slipped into my dress, and must have looked so queer and ill, that a crowd of home-going bathers offered me a lift into Hollywood. I accepted, more thankful for the cool wind fanning my face and eyes than for anything in my whole life. Strange how the gifts the world values, Rolls-Royces, and diamond tiaras, and sun-burst pendants, and platinum rings, all fade into insignificance before the simple gift of a cool wind!

When I reached the Club, the telephone was ringing. It was a call for me from Brunton's to go over in an hour in evening dress and wraps for a ten dollar check. Now I was back to the wall financially that day, and although I held my seven-fifty pay check in my hand, yet by this time, I had resolved either to tell the director of the Viola Dana picture how badly I felt, or not to cash the check. (I've since learned they worked only five minutes after I left.) Anyhow, I decided I'd better accept the call for Brunton's; I really couldn't afford to pass it up.

That proved to be the easiest ten dollars I ever expect to earn. Four of us, two men, and two girls, got into a stunning Fiat car, drove around a driveway, got out of the car, and went into a house. We repeated this childlike performance twice. They gave us our ten checks and dismissed us. The amazing dis- (Continued on page 83)

Movie Husband

(Continued from page 30)

love goes marching on, Rodolph and Natacha are riding in a private car—with Rodolph earning \$6,000 a week until his interlocutory affair with Lasky has been settled. There's a romantic husband for you!

Fancy the little wife telling Rudy that he needs a neck-shave, or that the laundry boiled his blue pajimmies pink! It couldn't be done.

You all know that James Rennie-Dorothy Gish mad flight into the state of matrimony—but instead of the two-reel domestic drama people expected, sister Lill included—James has given the fans a super-production worth the price of admittance.

Connie's husband, Pialaglou, the tobacco merchant—(you've forgotten how to spell it, too)—didn't last very long in the Talmadge cast—but nobody seems to be much cut up on that account.

The Papa-husband

THE parental urge—that desire to propagate our own important selves is as keen in the homes of movie stars as it is in society. Thus we evolve the stellar papa-husband.

The Hollywood papa-husbands compose a happy group, units of which may be seen here and there, praising their offspring with all the conviction of an oil salesman.

The papa-husbands, however, have not the appeal of the romantic husbands, nor the space in the newspapers given to the notoriously wedded.

Milton Sills is a papa-husband deluxe. There are three little window-Sills. (Pretty bad, I admit. It gives even me a pane.)

Conrad Nagel, Jack Holt, Tom Mix, Tom Gallery and Will Rogers are most certainly members of the father family. Even dark-eyed Dick Barthelmess has signed up, since the advent of Mary Barthelmess II.

The manager husband is another spoke in the wedding wheel—though sometimes he has spoken too soon.

King Vidor, Allan Holubar, Mickey Neilan, Joe Schenck, Webster Campbell, and Bob Leonard are busy starring or directing their wives, Florence Vidor, Dorothy Phillips, Blanche Sweet, Norma Talmadge, Corinne Griffith and Mae Murray.

As this goes to press, all is well between the manager husbands and the managed wives.

Movie Husbands?

Read about 'em and weep.

For 'em or with 'em?—

Who cares?

Five New Writers Sell Photoplays

or win studio staff positions—Send for Free Test which tells if you have like ability



Jane Hurrell, portrait painter, sold her story, "Robes of Redemption," to Allen Holubar.



Waldo G. Twitchell, graduate engineer, now assistant production manager at Fairbanks-Pickford Studios.



Buphrasie Molle, a school teacher at Oakland, California, recently sold her story, "The Violets of Yesterday," to Hobart Bosworth.



John Holden, Now in a studio staff position with one of the large producing companies.



Ethel Styles Middleton, Pittsburgh, wrote the Palmerplay, "Judgment of the Storm." She receives royalties on the profits of the picture for five years, having already received an advance payment of \$1000.

HERE are five men and women, trained by this Corporation, who have, through this training, recently sold stories or accepted studio staff positions with prominent producing companies.

Picked at random from many, they prove that the ability to write belongs to no one class. One is a housewife, one a school teacher, another a graduate engineer, a portrait painter and the other has written fiction.

All have been amply repaid for the time, effort and money they invested in this work.

Not one of these men and women realized a short time ago what latent screen writing ability he or she possessed.

But each took advantage of the opportunity that you have at this moment. They tested and proved themselves by the novel method we have developed.

We offer you the same test free—no obligation. Merely send the coupon.

New Writers Needed

We make this offer because we are the largest single clearing house for the sale of screen stories to the producing companies. And we must have stories to sell.

Through daily contact with the studios, we know that a serious dearth of suitable screen material exists.

Novels, short stories and stage plays, adaptable for the screen, have been practically exhausted.

Scenario staffs are greatly overworked. They cannot keep pace with the present day demands.

New screen writers must be developed if we are to supply the producing companies with the neces-

sary photoplays, for which they gladly pay \$500 to \$2000.

It is not novelists, short story writers and playwrights that are needed. Many of them have tried this work; few succeeded.

The need is for men and women in every walk of life who possess Creative Imagination—story telling ability. Unusual aptitude for writing is not a requisite, for little else than titles appear on the screen in words.

We Pay Royalties

We are also producers, making the better type of pictures—Palmerplays. It is therefore of vital importance to us that we find the stories that make better pictures possible.

So we offer to new writers, Palmer trained, royalties for five years on the profits of the pictures selected for Palmerplays, with an advance payment of \$1000 cash.

You must admit the opportunities. On this page are five of the many men and women who have succeeded.

Can You Do It?

Now the question of importance is, can you succeed in this work? We will test you free, because we want to train those who have the necessary ability.

Simply send for the Palmer Creative Test. Spend an interesting evening with it. Mail to us for our personal examination and detailed report on what your test shows. (Tests returned by persons under legal age will not be considered.)

If you have Creative Imagination, you will receive additional information relative to the Palmer Course and Service. If you do not have it, you will be told so courteously and frankly.

Mail the coupon now. You will also receive Carrol B. Dotson's interesting booklet, "How a \$10,000 Imagination Was Discovered."



"Judgment of the Storm," the first Palmerplay, will be released in August. Written directly for the screen, it presents a visual lesson in the new technique as taught in our educational department. Thousands are waiting to see this extraordinary photoplay. Watch for it!

Palmer Photoplay Corporation,
Department of Education, Sec. 2209
Palmer Building, Hollywood, California.

Please send me by return mail your Creative Test which I am to fill out and mail back to you for analysis. It is understood that this coupon entitles me to an intimate personal report on my ability by your Examining Board, without the slightest obligation or cost on my part. Also send me, free, Carrol B. Dotson's booklet, "How a \$10,000 Imagination Was Discovered."

NAME.....

STREET.....

CITY.....STATE.....

All correspondence strictly confidential.

Q. An Extra Girl Tells You the Truth About Hollywood—Continued from page 82

Fool's Gold

patch and clocklike efficiency of the whole affair was a trifle breathless, but I was not sorry to fly home to bed.

For by this time my eyes and every inch of my body seemed aflame. I passed the night with Dante in Purgatory, and trust I expiated all my sins, past, present, and future. I shudder even now at the painful memory of those blisters. But the friend of childhood proved mine as well. With my nose firmly pinned with a clothes pin, I administered castor-oil in large doses, saturating my eyes, and bathing the poor old arms and legs. Very thankful I was that the World-War did not entirely exhaust the supply as it threatened. I am sure I should not be here to tell the tale, if it had.

But every cloud hath a silver lining, my dear, for Father Time is a great healer. Everyone marvelled at my exquisite cherry-blood complexion a few days later when I gaily collected my seventeen-fifty for that eventful Decoration Day.

In fact, I was paid ten dollars more, next day, to stand in a drug store window and demonstrate, by the use of pantomime, my own peculiar method of producing said swansdown complexion by the aid of certain very expensive cosmetics.

If the Castor-oil King only knew!

My Elegant Elephant

I APPROACHED the casting-directress with palpitating heart. She always has that effect on me.

"Can you ride an elephant nude?" she inquired.

"The elephant or me, nude?" I countered.

"Well, little trunks and dangling spangles" she explained hurriedly, answering two telephones at the same time.

Again, I wanted to ask if the trunks and spangles alluded to me or the elephant but I meekly accepted the job when she said,

"Ten dollars a day for two days."

She sent me off to have the trunks and spangles fitted, and then I walked home as rapidly as possible: for I was not to begin that eventful elephant nude ride until the following day.

The next twelve hours I lived through a living inferno.

Here was I, after two years of struggling to express my histrionic talent; longing to act; craving a role through which I could touch people's hearts, or make them laugh, or at least feel some deep emotion. Yet here was I, riding

an elephant, and almost in my birthday suit!

My heart sank to Hell that night—yes, really. Nothing in my career had seemed such utter desecration, nay, even prostitution, of art as riding a poor old lumbering elephant.

Perhaps in his native habitat, with other jungle beasts, on a lion hunt, such a ride might be tolerated, but on a studio lot, to the tune of a merry fiddle, and to the jeers of bystanders and ham-actors—ye gods!

The Next Morning

My eyes were heavy and my make-up bad; my heart ached along with my bones in anticipation, when I arrived at the studio next day, ready for my job as a slave girl in an oriental flashback. But once inside the gate, I reached down in my soul for that philosophy that saves me so often, and I decided I'd love that old elephant, and I did. I plainly saw why the Buddhists worship the white elephant who threw himself from a cliff in order that a starving group of travellers might eat his flesh.

Why, my elephant was as elegant and as noble as any King could ever be. I sat proudly upon him all day amid pillows, in a funny little chair they had made for me and strapped on to his broad and spacious back. It felt far more like deep sea voyaging than anything I've done since crossing the Atlantic.

All the men about me were negroes, and my own skin was stained a dark brown. Of course we never came within fifteen feet of the camera. All the action of the picture was in front of us. We were merely background.

After two days with His Highness, "Elegant", I felt so zoolishly chummy, I went about visiting the camels, the horses and the other elephants. But I realize that animals are as humans; they too have personalities, and they recognize a friend at once. For in visiting these animals, I went merely for curiosity. The camels spit at me, the other elephants brandished their trunks at me, and even the horses kicked up their heels, but my own elephant dropped on his knees the moment he saw me appear. "You see, I decided to love him, even before I saw him, and verily, I believe he knew it!"

If only directors and camera men would respond as well to this treatment! I suppose I could be starred

in no time. The trouble is, that loving a mere man is apt to have many more startling consequences than loving a placid, five ton, fifty year old elephant!

Entre Nous

September, 1922.
I've been trudging the rounds of six or seven studios every day for three weeks now, and haven't had a single day's work. In fact, I haven't even smelled a promise of work. Why? There's a reason. Listen.

When I first came out here every man I met promptly promised me a job in his company, or hastened to introduce me to an influential camera man, or write me a glowing letter to a producer who would positively get me into pictures "the right way." There seems to be a very definite line between getting in right, and getting in wrong.

Now to be perfectly frank with you, I shall have to admit that I don't believe there is anyone who has had more pull, or to whom influential people gave more letters to other influential people, than I. I was sent to Fairbanks, to Lasky, to Mary Pickford, to William Farnum and Gordon Edward, and Frank Lloyd, and countless other stars, producers, directors, and writers. Yet for all that, I must whisper to you, that I am counted a failure. As a Movie Star, I'd make a good cafeteria announcer.

A Few Words of Wisdom

Now maidens who yearn to be future Marys, Polas, Paulines, and Glorias, hearken to a few words of wisdom from one who, for over two years, has fought the flames of desire for worldwide film fame. They may or may not be worth taking to heart, but they are conclusions reached after many experiences, and are without bitterness, without a grudge, and without jealousy. So before deciding to make the fatal plunge and come out to Hollywood, go into your room, lock the door, and ask yourself a few pointed questions.

First: not are you beautiful? We will assume that Nature provided you very kindly with a classic nose, fine eyes, an intelligent, facile mouth, and a fresh and alluring skin. But, *do people remember you?*

Answer this quite honestly to yourself.

I won't answer the negative half of that question about myself, but to the last I'll say that no one ever remembers me until they have seen me five or six times. I often test out a casting-direc-

The Diary Of An Extra Girl—Continued from page 84

Fool's Gold

tor. On my third trip he may say,

"Oh, hello, girly, I can't remember your name—I hear so many, you know—but I do remember your face."

But he frowns as if it were the most excruciating effort on his part.

Now, my dear, if you make a real first impression on a man, your face, your name, even the perfume you use, he will remember. Something about you and in you, the flavor of your own particular individuality must stamp you as different from every other pretty girl in Hollywood. As pretty girls are legion, and about as plentiful here, as leaves on a tree, as each casting-director interviews several hundred in the course of a week, you can see what a task lies before you.

Question number 2—Have you sex appeal? This, deep down in your heart you may know you have, and hence feel you could be a success.

"Do You Hold Men?"

THAT's the question to ask yourself. I can show you fifty girls who have sex appeal, sex charm, in fact the "57 varieties" of sex attraction, but not one of them reaches the third step in the ladder of fame.

Do you *hold* men? Do you find that men want to see you after a month's absence? Do they call you up just to hear the sound of your voice? Do they keep your photograph on their desk or beside their dresser?

It resolves itself into a question of personal magnetism. Have you that something that attracts as surely as a bit of steel draws to itself and holds particles of iron? If so, you have learned already to give far more than you get; to keep yourself well in hand, and to count other peoples' personalities of greater moment than your own. You have a quiet consciousness of God-given power. But, my dear, no matter where you are, nor what you are doing, you will get to the top. No one can keep you down! Yet there are not many of these souls in the world. Are you one?

Question number 3—*Do women like you?* The male is more powerful than the female when it comes to giving you your start in pictures. But the female is more deadly than the male when it comes to killing you as a favorite with the D. P. (Dear Public,) for it is largely they who watch you in the 10-20-30's or in the movie palaces on

Main Street.

I know a type of girl, pretty, interesting, or even fascinatingly beautiful, with vivid personality. Men like this sort, yet nine out of ten women hate them. The men fall at once for their strong individualities and their Mona Lisa-like understanding, which even on the screen they get across, but women don't like them. Do women like you?

Are you mouldable? is my last question. It is an amazing art, this one of pictures; that is, if you take it seriously, and go in for art. It's a difficult thing to give up all one's own ideas—one has so many at twenty—to laugh and smile and cry and frown at the command of a director with whom you may not agree. You may want to show off your beauty; he may not. You may want a satin gown; he may order one of calico. You may think you can act; you may find out in one day's work on the set that you can't. The wind is knocked out of your sails. Your bubble is pricked. You say with the bitterness of youth that you have been disillusioned.

My dear, Mary Pickford might easily have said that very thing years ago. But Mary Pickford is a mouldable artist. She allows her director full play, even now, and his praise of her is enormous. He expressed it not long ago in two words: "such discretion!"

"My Answers"

It's almost too personal for me to answer all this about myself. But I'll tell you that if the University of the Films sent out a questionnaire such as I've just given you, my innermost self would just have to answer Capital N-O to all my questions. So perhaps that's why I'm still an extra girl.

But I'm still sticking—for the exception only proves the rule!

My last bit of advice to all who long for film fame is to save, borrow, or earn a thousand dollars. Bring it to Hollywood, and if you don't get caught by a real estate dealer or an oil man first put it in the bank. Go to the Studio Club to live; it's a real home, run by the finest and truest women the world ever produced. Stick fast and look faster, for jobs. Any girl with a fair amount of beauty, brains and brass, and a big sense of humor can and will make the grade.



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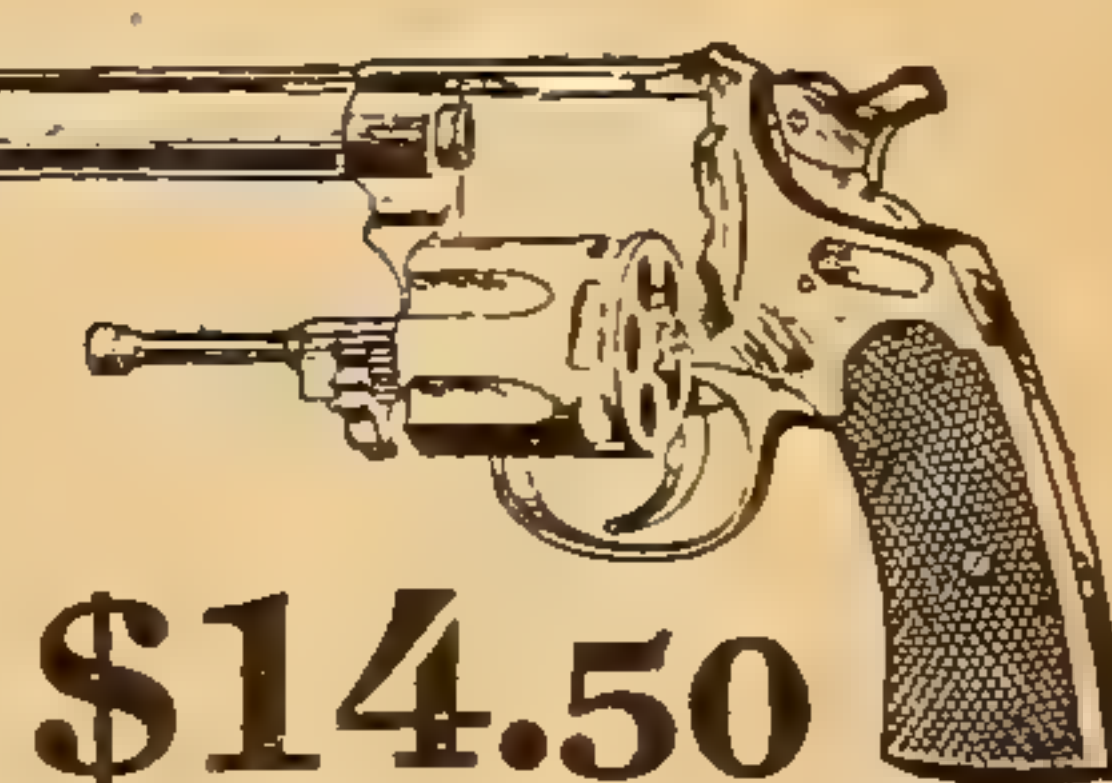
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THE PRICE CUTTING CO., 55 Broadway, New York



Gertrude Hennecke Tells Her Story—Continued from page 52

a slave in the great temple of Pharaohs which had been built on the sands. A broad avenue before it was lined with great Sphinxes, every one built with the blood and tears of the enslaved Israelites. Their fairest youths had been crushed beneath the weight of the stones used in this monument of a monarch's pride.

On this picturesque spot was filmed the most impressive scene I ever hope to see, the Exodus, the going out of the Children of Israel from Egypt, free at last after three centuries of cruel slavery.

Mr. DeMille talked to the throng. "For long years you have suffered, cruelly, terribly," he said gently to them. "You have been crushed under the heel of the Egyptian tyrant. Now you are free, free at last after three centuries. You have all the Egyptians' wealth, all their gold, all their cattle. You are going out to the Promised Land. Now show that you are joyful!"

And they did. Carrying their pitiful household goods, driving their flocks of sheep and goats, the aged and infirm borne on litters, and rejoicing with the joy known only to the enslaved suddenly made free, they went out from their place of suffering. The venerable Moses, his white hair streaming in the wind, went before them.

The scene was so beautiful that the tears streamed down my cheeks. The pathos of the situation was keener than the joy. I was ashamed and wiped my eyes hastily, but learned later that other has shared my emotion. One hard-boiled camera man swore huskily, "How do they expect a man to focus on this damned scene when my goggles are all misty?"

"Find that Gum!"

THERE were lots of funny sights on the set. It was pretty chilly most of the time, with a keen wind sweeping over the sand-stretches, and an Egyptian costume was rather sketchy. Ditto the Hebrew garments. Between shots, we would cover our goose-fleshy knees and backs with coats or blankets, and put goggles on to keep the sand out of our eyes. And sometimes, in the excitement of the affair, we would forget to take them off when the directors shouted "Picture!" Then there was something to pay. Because for some reason it irked Mr. DeMille strangely to "shoot" a scene and later to find that one of the ancient Egyptians in the foreground was wearing a Navajo blanket, or a suit of red flannels peeking coyly out from under his short yellow skirt.

Gum was another thing to cope with.

Face Value

The extras *would* chew gum, and it was a habit that the Israelites did not favor. Just before Mr. DeMille was ready to shoot one of his biggest scenes, in which a score of toiling slaves were forced, by stave and lash he blew his whistle. His assistants gathered around him.

"Go look at every face in this crowd," said Mr. DeMille. "Confiscate every wad of gum. If I see a single jaw wagging over a cud of gum in this scene, it will cost me \$20,000."

The assistants did even as they were told, and a good many chews were thereby lost to humanity.

And speaking of assistants, I must tell of Mr. DeMille's "crool" words about his assistants. He had some twenty of them, and believe me, they worked hard. But they weren't always working where Mr. DeMille wanted them. So one day, when he had shrieked himself hoarse for an assistant and none responded, he summoned them together.

"All assistants from now on are to wear a badge." Assistants beamed proudly.

"The badge shall be a letter U."

Assistants beamed ever more proudly.

"U standing for 'Useless'," said Mr. DeMille cruelly.

Assistants hunted their holes and pulled them in after them.

Style is Nix

IN THE desert, style is nowhere. All players not in costume wear clothes that make them look like the wrath of God, and nobody cares. Just so they keep warm, they're happy. Knickers and shapeless felt hats, pulled low, with huge goggles, make a snappy desert costume. A sunburned nose usually goes with the outfit. One chap I met said he had peeled three times.

Rod LaRoque was about the only one who put on any dog. He didn't have to work in this picture. His role came later, in the modern part of the picture. The desert scenes were for the flashback to biblical times. But he had a lovely time riding around on a white horse and playing he was an assistant director. He had on what Don Keyes, a camera man, called "tricky pants." They were very grand riding breeches, with the legs made tight like puttees, so that tall riding boots were unnecessary. He also wore a silk neckerchief and a regular Tom Mix sombrero. They kidded him about it, but he took it good-naturedly.

"I'm an A. O. cowboy," he said airily. A. O. standing for Alexander & Oviatt, a Los Angeles clothing store for men.

He Wanted a Sphinx

RUPERT HUGHES came up to visit camp one day. He told C. B. that he wanted just one favor.

"The camp is yours," Mr. DeMille said. "You can shoot a scene, or do anything you like."

"I want something more than that," said the major. "I want a Sphinx to take home with me. Of course, I'd want a house-broken Sphinx, and I don't know just how it will get along with our Pekinese, but I do think it would be nice if you'd give me one."

"You'll have to get a brassiere for it, before you take it home to your wife," warned Estelle Taylor cheerily.

Natural Beauties of the Camp

THERE are many natural beauties about our camp, and two of them are Estelle Taylor and Julia Faye. Julia, or Julie as she is called, gave Estelle a most unfeminine endorsement.

"Estelle is so beautiful in this picture," Julie told me. "So beautiful! Her hair makes a halo about her head and her eyes are marvellous. She is doing splendid work."

Julie herself is not hard on the eyes. She is much prettier in real life than on the screen, perhaps because she often has such unsympathetic roles. She gets up early and goes riding before breakfast, and comes to table with roses in her cheeks and eyes as bright as dollars.

The other day she came in giggling. "I've been visiting the afflicted," she said. "I heard the sound of weeping in the tent next to mine. Some girl was crying as though her heart were breaking. I went over and found her weeping into her liniment bottle. I'm putting medicine on my sunburn," she sniffed.

Sunburn is a big problem in camp. The players who use plenty of greasepaint do not suffer much, but camera men, directors and members of the orchestra bloom under the sun.

Speaking of the Orchestra

AND speaking of the orchestra, which we do frequently in camp, we simply couldn't get along without it. It bolsters up our morals. During the long, chilly periods of waiting on the set, it cheers us up with snappy jazz music. Dur- (Continued on page 88)



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McGowan Laboratories



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My discovery I call Reducine—McGowan's Reducine. It is not a medicine, a bath salt or a course of useless gymnastics. It is a pleasant cream that you can apply in your own room, patting it gently onto the parts you want to slenderize. Almost overnight you will notice a change. A harmless chemical reaction takes place, during which excess fat is literally dissolved away, leaving the figure slim and properly rounded, giving the lithe grace to the body every man and woman desires.

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I am not going to ask you to send one penny with your order. Just sign coupon and mail today. By return mail I will send you a 1-lb. jar of genuine Reducine and you can deposit the small sum of \$2.47 (plus a few cents postage) when the postman brings the Reducine Cream. If you expect to be away when the postman comes, enclose \$2.60 with order and Reducine will be mailed postpaid.

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Gertrude Hennecke Tells Her Story—Continued from page 86

Face Value

ing emotional scenes, it puts us in harmony with the action. During the Exodus, the haunting of the *Largo* helped put the scene over. At noon, the orchestra entertains us, and at night it plays for us to dance by. Oh, we couldn't live in camp without the orchestra.

The players are such a nice bunch. They are under the leadership of Ruth Dickie, a cunning little bit of a girl who is adored by every member of the band. Then there is "Speed," who probably has another name but I never heard him called by it. "Speed," will strum away the whole noon-hour through, singing for us in a soft, tenor voice, while we sit on the sand and eat our lunches out of paper bags. Then, too, there is a nice Alabama boy who has the delightful Southern way of looking into your eyes in a "Where-have-you-been-all-my-life?" sort of way. You think you have scored what the critics call a personal hit—until you see him do it to half a dozen other girls in an afternoon. It's very disillusioning.

It's a Moral Camp

THEY tell stories about the zippy affairs one has on location trips. Maybe they do, in some camp, but not in ours. Our place is as moral as an Epworth League picnic. The men's tents are separated from the women's by a dead-line. A man cannot even visit his own wife without a chaperon.

One chap said he had to take his wife behind a set to kiss her, and then he had to do it so quickly that he usually smacked her on the ear. Apropos of nothing at all. Estelle Taylor remarked that this is a city of suppressed desires.

There is no hooch here, either. There's a reason. About a month ago, a number of men came to Santa Maria, the little town near camp, and said they were going to make a big picture. Santa Maria is a hospitable town, and when the men suggested that sand makes one awfully thirsty, the best bootleggers brought out some refreshment. And as each one offered his tribute, he was arrested. The alleged movie men were revenue officers. So now, when Mr. DeMille's company came to Santa Maria, all the bootleggers took to the hills, and the town is as dry as a Vitagraph picture.

Mr. Kiesling, aforesaid nice publicity man, had my picture taken with Rod LaRoque, Charles DeRoche and Estelle Taylor. I got an enormous kick out of meeting them.

"I'm French, You Know"

"MAYBE you do not know it, but I am

French," said DeRoche. I had a suspicion. He is awfully big and awfully handsome, too. And he is superb in his role of Pharaoh, cold, stern and proud. You can fancy him making the gesture that sends a thousand slaves to death.

Poor boy, he was so mad one morning! He was doing a close-up of the beginning of the chariot charge. In his golden chariot, drawn by two fiery, black steeds, he was calling his men to battle.

He looked magnificent in his golden armor and helmet. Bracing himself in the chariot, holding the reins in one hand and waving his other arm in a superb gesture, he exhorted his men. "En avant, mes braves," he called. "en—" And then the diabolic horses would lunge furiously, and the haughty Pharaoh would have to clutch the side of the chariot.

"They keel my action!" Charles would say, adding many things in French that are doubtless not found in your high school dictionary.

"Nonsense," Mr. DeMille would reply. "You don't want a couple of plow-horses there."

Mr. DeMille didn't have to drive the horses, and besides they belonged to him, and he was proud of them. Fifteen hundred dollars apiece, they cost, and they were beauties, black as night and shiny as satin. But I fear me that Monsieur DeRoche loved them not.

The Chariot Charge

IF YOU know your Old Testament you know that after the Children of Israel went out, "the Lord hardened Pharaoh's heart" and he and all his warriors pursued them even down to the Red Sea. The chariot charge was magnificent. Two hundred and fifty chariots, each drawn by two plunging horses, and carrying spearmen, raced down the long avenue of Sphinxes. Several of the light chariots were smashed, and many were the bruises incurred. One poor chap was seriously injured, being kicked in the neck and twice in the leg.

The morals of the camp was splendid, however, probably induced by the fineness of the work being done. Every extra seemed to realize that something very wonderful was being scened, which made up for much in the way of cold and discomfort.

And speaking of morals, *The Ten Commandments* is making a lot of

people read their Bibles who haven't done it in years. The other day Mr. DeMille was explaining a situation in the script to Rod Lo Roque. "But you know the story," he said. "It's in the Bible."

"Haven't read it yet," said Rod airily. "Is it any good?"

Oh, we ate and breathed sand and shivered a bit, but we had many a laugh on the desert. I liked the experience a lot and wouldn't have missed it for the world.

Back to Civilization

BACK in Hollywood again I received a call from the United Studios. Maurice Tourneur offered to give me a screen test. I didn't know enough to be afraid of a screen test, so I went through it without a bit of nervousness. Mr. Tourneur gave me a letter to read, told me to register joy and fear and pain and all of the conventional tricks of emoting. When I got through he grunted and told me to do it all over again. The second time I must have done better, for he smiled and said "Oh, you're not so bad!" Which from Mr. Tourneur they tell me, is encouraging.

I met little Virginia Lee Corbin. Virginia showed me about the China-town set they are using in her picture *Youth Triumphant*. She is a beautiful little thing and the clothes she has make me turn green with envy. Her mother remarked casually that the child had about sixty-five or seventy little frocks! Think of having to get along with only seventy dresses! Shades of Gloria Swanson!

I Meet Blanche Sweet

AT Goldwyn's, Blanche Sweet was a lady fair of olden times, in *In the Palace of the King*. She wore a marvelous be-hooped gown of heavy brocaded satin, with a sweeping Medici collar of gold lace. In her hair were entwined strings of pearls. She swept me a low curtsy, and I thought I had never seen anything so charming in all my life.

Her train must weigh pounds and pounds. Her maid staggers under it. Miss Sweet lamented the fact that she had lost two pounds since she has been wearing it, the weight is so great—and she had just returned from a dairy farm where she went to gain weight on a milk diet.

Very soon I am to meet Rex Ingram and his lovely wife, Alice Terry. Mr. Ingram has promised me a chance to work in his picture, *Scaramouche*.

Do I like the movies? Y-O-U tell 'em!

from Hollywood

Hollywood Co-respondents

(Continued on page 65)

certified milky way—that the reporter went to see her.

What was it all about?

Miss Dana readily admitted she had written the young man a few letters.

"But he was just a boy," she said, "and he asked me to write him. He said he was so lonesome—travelling all the time. And until now I didn't know he had a wife."

She had met the young man while on a personal appearance tour. He played a harmonica—or a cornet—or a graphophone or something—so cunningly that he amused the little star. She thought he was a nice boy, and harmless, and that it wouldn't hurt to cheer him up with a friendly letter now and then.

"There isn't a single word in the letters that I would be ashamed to see in print," she said. "But to be named in a divorce case! It would be terrible."

Some reporters might have written columns on that interview—spicing the words—coloring the phrases—"admitted writing the letters that are to figure in the sensational divorce"—"says she didn't know he was married"—"claims she does not love young Stewart"—"felt sorry he was so lonesome."

The reporter in this case merely wired his paper the facts—not in a story, but in a confidential message.

And, it seems, the letters were so innocuous that the divorce suit never went to trial. Viola, as the reporter surmised, was absolutely innocent in the affair, and it would have been an injustice to put her in type.

Wonder how Mrs. Stewart secured those letters!

Then again, it isn't always the wife of some shoe clerk in Sheboygan, or some broker's wife in Broken Bend who picks her co-respondent out of Hollywood.

The Taylor-Walsh Affair

IT HAS happened that film stars have named film stars in startling stories.

You remember, of course, when Seena Owen made those charges against her husband, George Walsh, the bushy-haired screen athlete, and Miss Estelle Taylor?

Seena and Estelle had all the publicity they needed for some little time, and their press agents had nothing at all to do, save clip and paste.

Then Estelle began suit against Seena for \$100,000 charging slander.

Seena fully intended to make a glittering co-respondent out of the glittering Estelle.

But something happened.

Seena dropped her suit, and we haven't seen a line of it since. And so Estelle dropped her suit—wasn't it sweet of her?—and the whole Taylor-maid scandal was over. Much to the relief of that kindly Christian man, Will Hays.

But after a little while came one Ethel Barnes, wife of George Barnes, a camera man. And she took Estelle's name into print with a complaint about her hubby.

Maybe you do not remember that, the papers didn't seem to make so much of it—possibly because there were real important stories breaking that day.

The Los Angeles Times had a little squib on its movie page—and that was that. It hasn't bobbed up since.

Bill Hart Was Spiritual Father

AND Bill Hart—poor old Bill! Elizabeth McCaulley, the New England school marm who said he was the father of her child, and then took it back, isn't the only woman with the Bill Hart complex.

Some years ago a woman told an astonished judge her pitiful story. Bill was visited by a couple of officials bearing a paper—and in grease paint and wild west costume, was haled into court. Everybody present was sworn to secrecy. There were no court fans present, and the reporters were not "tipped off."

The woman was sworn, and repeated her sorry tale. Bill said he had never seen her before. He was deadly sincere—and he looked so dumbfounded, and indignant, and so hurt, that the judge decided to question the complainant more thoroughly.

The woman—she wasn't young, and she wasn't pretty, and she wasn't slim, and she wasn't well educated—couldn't stand the cross examination.

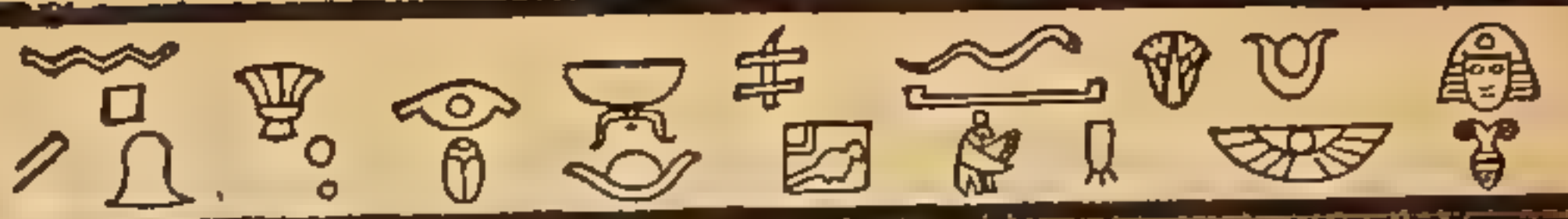
"Well, he isn't my child's real father," she confessed, at last. "But he would be the baby's *Spiritual* father, if I had a baby."

Of course, Bill was released "muy pronto," and everybody shook hands with him, and the woman was put in the psychopathic hospital for observation.

The McCaulley story originated and ended in New York, was wired all over the continent, and cabled over two oceans.

And since the story "broke," Bill has received scores of letters from women in all parts of the United States and Canada, claiming he is the father of their children.

It would seem that the mothers of



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Hollywood Co-respondents

(Continued from page 89)

America were getting up a league to erase the name of George Washington as the father of his country, and substitute therefor the name of William "Two-gun" Hart, the sad-bad man of the films.

The newspapers have done a lot for the co-respondent business in Los Angeles—although the crop hasn't been so good during the Hays regime—and will do more for it, if let alone.

And worried wives in Noah's, Ark., and On, Wisconsin; and Bull, Montana; still try to have friends keep an eye on hubby when he goes to Hollywood—wives who long for divorce, the red chevron of matrimony.

But movie wives have to get along with plain desertion, or incompatibility or some other mild dissolvent. Not for them the luxury of the co-respondent.

Imagine the feelings of the actress helpmate viewing a possible co-respondent in a public place—and having to be civil to her for fear of headlines.

An ordinary housewife thus enjoys a boon not granted the cinematron. She can name a star as co-respondent—if she gets a chance. The cinematron doesn't dare—even when she has a dozen chances. It's a free country, of course—do you really think it is?

The Trumpeter of Fame

(Continued from page 42)

dust out of her golden-brown hair and gave it a tinting or two at the beauty parlor and had her face looked after a bit, and a few pounds here and there scientifically removed—Myrtle was all set to storm her way into pictures again.

She has been making notable successes, in spite of the cutesy little stars, in small roles ever since she reappeared in our fair city. Then came a ray of reason even in Hollywood. Someone over at the Mayer studios had gumption enough to see a screen story in *The Famous Mrs. Fair*, which hadn't been such a screaming success on the legit., and another ray of reason penetrated the directorial mind of Fred Niblo. He didn't choose an old lady in a lace bonnet and mitts to play the war mother, who just couldn't get rid of her war hang-over except by lecturing over the country. Many a less wise director than Fred Niblo would have gone true to movie traditions, regardless of the play or commonsense. But Myrtle Stedman was cast as Mrs. Fair and one of the most sensational successes of the year resulted. And it was three-fourths due to Myrtle Stedman's fine sense of the fitness of things, her matured, ripened acting judgment, acquired during those years when she watched empty-headed little jazz babies drawing down thousands of dollars a week for the heavy labor of wearing nifty clothes and driving eccentric and speedy cars.

Fanny Ward Scoffs at Time

AWAY off in Paris Fanny Ward ate her heart out because she was old. She could not bear to give up the screen, yet she had to. She had been too deeply buried by public opinion. We

remember seeing her in a ghastly Paris made movie, some hectic melodrama or other, about two years ago.

But the word comes, that with the blowing of Gabriel's horn, Fanny Ward is among that glad company. She has been rejuvenated by the X-ray process, which Gertrude Atherton has so well advertised in *Black Oxen* and is now ready to conquer America all over again. Paris, and other European film centers, like their players well seasoned. If an actress hasn't a little age on her, she is considered raw and uninteresting. In a country where an unmarried girl is considered outside the pale, so far as desirability and the power to intrigue and interest is concerned, and where a man just must be a little bald or a little wrinkled to be luring on stage or screen, it is no wonder that Fanny Ward became eligible to screen fame. But Fanny was homesick. She wanted to be able to appear in her own country. And now, the word comes across the pond, Fanny is as young-looking as ever, and twice as alluring.

Other Rejuvenations

THREE other long forgotten names are heard in the roll call of the dead who now live. Wally Van, who played in over three hundred short subjects with Lillian Walker, John Bunny and Flora Finch—backward, turn backward, oh time in your flight!—has signed up again for grease paint activities. He played in *The Common Law*, a Selznick picture, and is going to produce and star in his own productions. A little balder and quite a little wiser and mellower, Wally of the many memories has come back to his love. He'll probably make a lot of our half-baked

comedians and underdone Valentinos look like kindergartners.

"The Kerrigan Comeback"

WE ALL saw J. Warren Kerrigan do the impossible in *The Covered Wagon*. He came back. He does not have to apologize for himself in that play. Fortunately the vehicle was big enough—even though a covered wagon is slow—for him to ride comfortably back into port again.

There was a very good reason why Kerrigan dropped out of sight. The reason died not long ago, and now Kerrigan is without a mother. For three years he personally took care of her night and day. Now that he is free to work again, he brings to the screen a wisdom and richness of feeling that should register well. That he still looked much the matinee idol in *The Covered Wagon* is no proof that Kerrigan will not make a real come-back. In his first role he was necessarily not up to the best that is in him. But it was a fine second-best at that.

Pauline Frederick is on her way back to filmdom. She is in Hollywood now, divorcing her fourth husband and clearing the decks for a new screen career. Given the right stories, in a new era, when flappers are not considered the one absolute necessity of a theater program, Pauline Frederick, who is a consummate actress should find herself and rise to such dignified heights on the screen as Margaret Angling and Ethel Barrymore serenely occupy on the legitimate.

And so they arrive every day—these once dead, now living stars, trailing clouds of glory—a new spiritual glory which bids fair to dazzle the flappers who are scurrying for cover.

Careers C. O. D.

That's bluff. Pure, unadulterated, managerial bluff exploded at a time when the manager does not wish to lose patronage and yet has nothing in mind for the client.

And it was this same "come back

Tuesday" edict that made the fatigued mother of a certain child star lose faith in the picture business, for, after she'd come back countless Tuesdays, she suddenly discovered one day that her infant had lost his teeth and couldn't play kid parts at all any more!

God Give Us Men

(Continued from page 45)

horse. And that's what he is—the shapely clotheshorse of the cinema, a masculine Katherine MacDonald.

But the end of the Vaseline Age is not yet, for the potency of Latin looks when looked upon by the languid ladies of today is driving the cannery owners to distraction in efforts to produce them.

Jesse Lasky inveigled Frank Crane from the "snakery" at the Ambassador Hotel, the tea room where the parlor snakes and couch cooties take their daily exercise; applied one dash of Castilian name, Ricardo Cortez; added a lump of pomade as big as a walnut; rubbed garlic in the dish, and served him up as a new Spanish delicacy. But he didn't take. He was "pork and" rather than "Chili and beans."

This experiment tempts us to stray from the subject now underfoot and mark the similarity between the producers and Sir Arthur Conan Doyle. Neither has ever been able to strike a happy medium.

In leading men, the producers risk extremes continually. Six months ago they were all a-shrieking when they weren't out "getting their man" in a pair of red drawers and a trick monkey jacket. Soon the public is to suffer ghastly attempts at picturing grim mine disasters.

Let us hope they dig up men.

In their peddled thrill-producers thus far the producers have handed us chickens à la king for heroines, but the leading men for the most part have been but minute eggs.

Already rumblings in the press of the nation denote a growing discontent with the exotic types to whom lady fingers and weak tea would seem to be fatal as a diet.

Pressure is being brought to bear by various men's clubs, to wit, "The Ham

and Eggs for Breakfast Brigade"; "Beefsteak and Onions, Inc."; "The Corn-Beef and Cabbage Corporation"; "The Association to Provide Steak and Not Stew for Supper", etc., to cause motion picture producers to end the reign of the can opener, which they started with the fish cakes whose screen antics indicate that they can live on love alone.

Wives cannot understand why Jake needs three squares a day when Rodolpho can get along with a cadenza from his guitar plus a banana and still throw the bull.

The public is going to demand men like Bert Lytell, Tommy Meighan and Harrison Ford as soon as the undressed darlings of the cinema are told to put on their clothes and go home.

Kenneth is the Boy!

THE way Kenneth Harlan is taking hold is proof of this statement. His mug is homely and waterproof, and he doesn't emote all over the place. To my mind, he's a rising young hot-cake, and what is more, he believes man's place is in his clothes.

And even Hollywood went nuts over Ernest Torrence in "The Covered Wagon," which title shows how they like to take 'em off the stars and drape 'em on the props. (Imagine how popular Gloria Swanson would be in a diving-suit.) If Ernest were just fifteen years younger what an exciter he would be!

So now that all unfinished business is out of the way, let us all arise and sing as a closing number the last stanza of our "Hymn of Hate", dedicated to Tommy Meighan; words by me, and music by "Bool" Montana.



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☞ Anecdotes About the Stars—Continued from page 76

Just Tired of Life

WHY Evelyn Nelson, 23 years old, a star in comedy, took her own life is still a mystery. She was working, had a lovely bungalow home, was beautiful, attractive and sure of a future in pictures. But she took the gas route to forgetfulness of some love tragedy that had blighted her life. Her note mentioned Wally Reid—"I am just about gone and will soon be with my friend, Wally Reid." But friends say that she was jilted by a recently divorced star who had promised marriage but who changed his mind.

Gaby's Sister Here

THEY all come sooner or later—and here is Camille Deslys, sister of the famous dancer, Gaby Deslys. Camille is married, is Madame Paoli in private life, the wife of a well-known tenor of the French opera. Camille brings with her the famous rings and pendants which graced the beauty of the tragic Gaby; she brings also some new period and butterfly dances, with which she hopes to win a place in the films. Yes, she's strikingly pretty and Frenchy.

Old-Fashioned Brothers

ESTHER RALSTON has a pair of old-fashioned brothers, Clarence and Howard. They didn't like the company Esther was keeping, so they beat up George W. Frey, character actor playing a leading part in *Little Johnny Jones*, and got themselves put in jail for their zeal. Frey, in the Emergency Hospital, laughed wanly and said it was all a joke. But the police didn't see the funny side of it.

Ben Hur Candidates

WE'VE bet so long on who'll play Ben Hur that the game has lost its spice. First we were led to believe that Rodolph Valentino had a fighting chance to get the role, since June Mathis was pulling for him, and since the whole country hankered to see him in a chariot and a silver loin cloth. But Goldwyn, in broadcasting results in a "contest" they are alleged to be conducting throughout the country, began to let James Kirkwood slip up on Rudy, finally nosing him out. But Goldwyn's triumphant notice that Kirkwood, who is under contract to Goldwyn, was leading Valentino, failed to make the flappers gurggle with joy, and

The Once Over

also seemed to leave the exhibitors lukewarm. Kirkwood is a fine actor and a splendid figure of a man, but he is not young enough to play Ben Hur, who was only nineteen years old. Now Goldwyn, casting about for someone already on the payroll who can make the flappers and the G. P. believe they have been given their choice of a hero, have hit upon Edmund Lowe. Lowe, it will be remembered—perhaps—played opposite Betty Compson in *The White Flower*. He is now working with Blanche Sweet in *The Palace of the King*. Two other candidates hopefully projected into our notice by Goldwyn are Joseph Schildkraut and Bert Lytell.

Good-bye, Andrée

ANDRÉE LAFAYETTE'S return to Paris is recorded as a "visit," but gossip says she will not return. Andrée was a perfect *Trilby*; she looked the part and seemed to be DuMaurier's strapping big heroine actually come to life. But Andrée would hardly fit into another sort of picture. She is very tall and buxom, and isn't at all the American idea of beauty. Richard Walton Tully picked her up in Paris and wrote up a nice contract for her—probably much under the price paid to American stars—and is now through with her, it is rumored. But what would you do? She had her chance. No one could blame Tully for grabbing a perfect *Trilby* when he had the chance, even if he realized perfectly that she would not be able to find a place for herself in Hollywood after the picture was finished.

And Good-bye, Margaret

ANOTHER foreign princess of the films has come and gone. Margaret Leahy, brought to Hollywood with loud fanfare of trumpets by the Talmadges, as the prettiest girl in England, has found that it takes more than a beauty contest to scale the tipsy ladder of film fame. Margaret was brought here to play an "important part" in Norma's *Within The Law*, but was found not to be suitable. She was instead farmed out to Buster Keaton, as his leading lady for one picture. Probably the picture was made, but if so, we have heard nothing of it nor of Margaret's work in it. It seems rather a pity that Margaret had her trip for nothing—or rather, only as a publicity stunt for the Talmadges.

An Ex-Husband's Attentions

IT IS so nice to be able to hold men—even one's ex-husbands. Pauline Frederick seems to be remarkably gifted in this way. Willard Mack still says and does the most charming things. For instance, when Polly was married to a later husband, Willard is said to have sent a wire to the new husband: "Congratulations. They are both wonderful women." Referring to Pauline's mother, with whom Willard did not have the happiest of friendships. Pauline's devotion to her mother was said to be one of the main reasons why the Frederick-Mack marriage floundered. At any rate, now that Polly is back in Hollywood, to sue for a divorce from Dr. Rutherford, if reports are true, and to go back into picture work, Willard enlivens her home-coming with the following wire: "Hear you are home. So glad you and your mother can be together again." Very thoughtful of Willard.

The City of Sphinxes

SANTA MARIA may well be called the "City of the Sphinxes" now, for at their request, Cecil DeMille has donated his six five-ton Sphinxes, built for the mammoth *Ten Commandments* set, to this city, to be used as boundary markers.

A Coy Denier

ADMITTING an engagement—but an engagement to sing only—John Steel, romantic tenor comes to town. And Claire Windsor looks sweet and wise and says nothing. Even if Steel and Claire won't admit they are engaged, there is no law against anyone seeing that they like each other awfully well, and that they go about together a lot.

Vows He's a He-Man

DOES a he-man use cosmetics? Reginald Denny says no, and wants seventy-five thousand dollars damages because a certain laboratory have used his name in an endorsement of their products. Reggy says the advertisement was printed without his consent and that he has been held up to ridicule and in the light of a "cake-eater," causing him to lose popularity as a film cave-man.

(Continued on page 95)

The Once Over

Helene Works Again

BURYING the hatchet, since it would not cut worth a cent, Helene Chadwick has gone back to work for Goldwyn. For the courts ruled that her contract was perfectly valid, and that she would have to fulfill it, no matter how much she disliked the amount of the salary and the publicity she was getting. So Helene has gone back to work, determined to make the best of it. And the publicity department is cudgeling its typewriters to turn out lots of zippy press notices, so that the fair Helene can't have further cause to complain that Claire Windsor gets all the publicity.

Brass Bands for Doug, Jr.

BRASS bands and kissing relatives and hopefully Lasky officials turned out in large numbers to greet Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., on his arrival in Hollywood. Doug arrived in his first long pants, wearing a typical American boy grin. Which was considerate of him, since Paramount is betting on his being the typical American boy. And like the T. A. B., Doug, Junior (what a nuisance it is going to be, calling him Junior all the time!) objected to being kissed by so many female relatives.

Jesse Lasky says: "I believe that obtaining the contract from Douglas Fairbanks Jr., is the most important thing I have done since I entered the motion picture industry." And yet, all that little Doug has done is to choose a father wisely; and even then, he couldn't keep him around. The name will probably be a great drawing card until the public has time to make up its mind as to young Doug's own worth.

Three Divorces

THREE divorces and an alimony battle feature the late news. Gladys Walton has burst her matrimonial straight-jacket at last, being entirely free now of Frank R. Liddell, Jr. Gladys testified that her husband was long on promises and short on fulfillment. He promised a home and every luxury, and instead of granting her these, he refused to work and was responsible for the gossip among her friends that she was supporting him.

Vera Stedman told a pitiful story of neglect and cruelty, and was granted a divorce, with \$35 a week alimony. Her

husband was "Jackie" Taylor, an orchestra leader at a cafe.

And the bluebird has flown out of the window of the Bertram Bracken home, for Margaret Landis Bracken, sister of Cullen Landis, has been sued for a divorce, her husband charging desertion.

Tyrone Power, famous legitimate actor and motion picture player, was arrested at the instigation of his former wife, now Mrs. Emma R. Arper, who charges that Power failed to provide for his children, nine and seven years old.

The Power case brings to light a peculiar romance. Mrs. Arper, Mr. Power's second wife, was elected to the post by the spirit of his first wife, who, dead, sought to provide for the man she had left behind. But Mrs. Arper claims that it was also the spirit of the dead wife who was responsible for their separation, since Mr. Power allowed the spirit of his first wife to interfere in their marriage relation. The law is not going to trust to spirit messages to keep Mr. Power on the track of duty, for the courts have released him on cash bond of \$1500, but have bound him to appear to answer Mrs. Arper's charges.

Monte and the Bucking Boat

MUCH excitement was caused in Hollywood, and especially in Warner Bros. studio when it was rumored that Monte Blue was very seriously hurt as the result of a mix-up with the wrong side of a boat. The rumor was exaggerated, however, and Monte will be able to go on with his work in a few days from the time of this writing. Monte was posing as a sea captain in the filming of a Peter B. Kyne story at Laguna Beach. He had just rescued a fair damsel in distress from a rampant sea and was triumphantly returning to store in a skiff. Monte, in alighting, got out on the wrong side, and like a horse, a boat does hate to be dismounted on the wrong side, which is the side next the wharf. A wave churned in and crashed Monte against the wharf, breaking a rib and wrenching his back. A news reel company phoned Screenland in great excitement, asking for a picture of Mrs. Monte Blue, but we can't see why—since Mrs. Blue and Monte aren't living together right now.

By the way, Lubitsch has signed up with Warner Brothers, to do *Deburau*. Score another for Warner!

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The Celluloid Saint

(Continued from page 38)

and he poured out a tale of want second only to my own. He was an artist struggling for recognition. There was to be a great prize offered—ten thousand dollars for a picture. It was in his mind, his theme for it, burning his fingers, but he lacked a model. He begged and implored me for art's sake to pose for him. He promised me one tenth, a thousand dollars. My head reeled; clothes for the coveted part of Fifi; I was made. My heart warmed. The good God had sent him to me.

"We rushed to his studio. We began work feverishly. It was a difficult pose. I grew very tired, but I must also keep up my dancing, and so I worked early and late. He had no money, my poor artist, but he always shared with me his bread and cheese, and his cigarettes as well. I needed to be very thin for Fifi, so I did not mind. The time drew near—but you will let me finish, Miss Chrystoffson? There is not much more."

"You seem to have a vivid imagination, but I see no connection with me."

"Only wait—the heroine enters late."

"The picture was finished at last and sent off to the Metropolitan to be hung. My artist and I said a Mass together at St. James. Our feet scarcely touched the pavement as we walked back down town. At Forty-second Street we stopped to read the theatre boards.

"My artist was visibly touched and excited. He grasped my hand. He stared. From an inside picket he drew out a picture.

"There is her name, Glory, flaming in the Paris Revue, there! Edna Smith! We were children together," he said. "I love her, Glory, love her—Oh, I must find her!"

"We rushed back to the studio. From the very tip-toe of the old clock he drew out the last dollar. We had meant to have a great feast that night. 'Take this and buy the very most you can, and then do be an angel and cook us a dinner,' he cried to me. So while he went to find her I wheedled and coaxed, and teased until the butcher and the baker had given me fully five dollars' worth for that one last dollar. All the while my heart was doing queer pre-

monitory thumps, only I took no notice of it.

"I flew back and swept the studio. I set the table. I cooked the dinner. And then, leaving some pink rose buds as my gift, I ran away, just as the taxi drove up, and Edna Smith and my artist alighted."

She paused.

"And the end?" asked Sydna Chrystoffson in a thin, hard voice.

"The next morning all the papers were full of the prize painting,—my portrait. The ten thousand dollars was paid, but not one cent of it came to me, for my artist married Edna Smith—and you know the rest—somehow she heard about the part of Fifi—somehow the gowns were bought—and from Fifi she climbed and climbed until today she is Sydna Chrystoffson, the great star."

But the star was laughing, hard, dry, mirthless laughter.

Glory bowed her head in despair. Was the girl then utterly heartless? Had she failed?

"So I owe you a thousand dollars, do I? Well, suppose I do have another look at this scenario of your friends—shall we call it square?"

"Here's my hand on it," cried Glory joyously.

The next day the masterpiece was accepted. For weeks the Gang ate, slept, and were merry off the check therefrom.

Three months later, at midnight, the three friends emerged from a preview of the new Lost Art production entitled "The Man Thou Gavest Me," and sauntered into Frank's for coffee and brioche.

"I know it's the height of indelicacy to beg you again to tell us how you managed the lady Chrystofferson," said Jimmy. "But this I can say, that some day you will be canonized as the saint of Hollywood for the miracles you performed."

"It wasn't by saintliness that she tamed the dragon, I'll bet," cried Enid. "I bet it was by blackmail; nothing else would have availed."

"Perhaps it was a little of both," said Glory.

H. B. K. WILLIS

has rung the bell again! His humorous article God Give Us Men on page 43 is better for the blues than a string of Coué beads.

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Yellow Peril

(Continued from page 47)

And he and his wife are received everywhere. Sessue, by the way, has a regular Valentino effect on the ladies, though he makes no conscious effort to win their liking. He has a very decided charm. And his little wife resembles a dainty, Dresden China doll.

She Thinks She's Chinese

ONE of the most interesting persons in the Chinese film colony is little Mary Jane Fong. Mary Jane is four years old and thinks she is Chinese. But in reality she is Mexican. Her father and mother died, leaving her alone in the world. She was adopted by a Chinese woman, whom her own mother had once befriended. And the little olive-skinned tot is being brought up under Chinese customs, never dreaming that she is at all different from her yellow-skinned playmates. But the white blood will come out at times, in moments of excitement, when Mary Jane will laugh or cry with a vivacity that never distinguished a Chinese girl.

Pseudo-Chinese

SOME of the finest interpretations of Chinese rôles have been given by white actors—vide Richard Barthelmess' Chink in *Broken Blossoms*—and also some of the worst. In *East is West*, Constance Talmadge was as pretty as paint, but was about as Oriental as pot roast with noodles.

Lon Chaney has done some very wonderful acting in Chinese rôles. His make-up is the last word in realism. He uses tapes to draw back the skin over the temples, thus slanting the eyes. Tiny tubes distend the nostrils. Grease-paint and pencils and other tools of the trade change a white man into a sinister being. But startling though his made-over face may be, eloquent though his acting, do you ever forget that it is Lon Chaney playing a Chink?

Leatrice Joy should never have essayed the part of the Manchu princess in *Java Head*. She was charming, adorable. But how could she, how could any white girl, plumb the depths of the subtle, age-old wisdom of this daughter of an ancient dynasty? Yellow psychology and white—there is a gulf between them that is not to be bridged. A Chinese girl should have played the part. But what chance had a Chinese girl to land so juicy a dramatic plum?

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Renee Torquin
(A Silhouette Study)
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beautiful New
York model,
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Name..... Age..... Sex.....
Address..... Weight.....

"Inside Stuff"

(Continued from page 9)

Ingram's new picture, *Scaramouche*. Rich brocades and satins, beflounced and befurbelowed after the style of the French court, turn pert little extra girls into stately court ladies. The other day we saw Alice Terry in the glory of a beautiful brocaded court gown, a stately white wig all puffs and curls, with pearls interwoven among the locks, her little feet in tiny French heeled slippers daintily placed on a velvet cushion—and she was chewing gum! Shades of La Pompadour!

Brave Boy, Cecil!

THE bigger the man in the motion picture game, the bigger is his work—and the bigger is his play. It is only the little guy in filmdom who works all day and then gets "time and a half for over time." Witness no less man than C. B. DeMille, accounted a genius and an artist to say nothing of having the reputation of being a good judge of whiskey. He's bought another yacht. Yes, another! This means that he's earning enough in his profession to buy yachts and what goes with 'em. De Mille has swapped off the old "See Bee" of former glory and has become master of the "Seaward", a 106 foot schooner. 'Tis said he's entered for the Santa Barbara-to-Honolulu race in July, on which occasion Mr. DeMille declares he will become a seaman par excellence and forget he's a hard worked director. You see, he wants to throw off the awful seriousness, maybe, of making the ten commandments picture.

Hot Tears in Hollywood!

LOST: One diamond ring in or near Hollywood, California, or maybe in Beverly Hills. It may have been stolen; it may have been misplaced; it may have been merely thrown away. It was a large diamond, brilliant, beautiful, and very much valued by two people—one time. It belonged to Mistress Pola Negri and is said to have been presented by one Charles Chaplin. But it has disappeared from the third finger of the dainty hand of the screen star—and the star is said to have said "that she will not allow matrimony to interfere with her art."

The Great Divide

THE divorce question in the western land of film stars waxes warm as this publication goes to press. The Donald Crisps are divorcing, seemingly because of divided (Continued on page 99)

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"Inside Stuff"

(Continued from page 98)

interests that lead to a divided house; Margaret Bracken wants divorce from her husband because of incompatibility.

Poor Lo, Once More

ABOUT the latest to "break into" the producing game is Chief Lightfoot, a brawny brave of the Cherokee tribe, born and reared in Oklahoma. He has done westerns with a number of stars and companies and now comes out with publicity to the effect that he will make pictures on his own, directing them himself. Atta boy, Chief! Yet one wonders if he's going to stake his Tribal birthright in Indian lands for the mess of pottage called fame. Well, experience is worth something in this vale of tears.

Alas, Poor Charlie

ALONG with his statement that he is too poor to marry, Charlie Chaplin learns that his former wife Mildred Harris, has entered the holy bonds of bankruptcy, throwing down the cards, as it were, to the extent of \$31,000, all of which she owes her milliner, dressmaker, shoemaker, jeweller, furrier, etc., etc. Once she sued Charlie for maintenance and was signing contracts for \$50,000 pictures. What has she done with it? No wonder her one-time spouse tried to prove an alibi when it came to alimony. 'Tis said Mildred is clearing the decks for marriage again and this time with a poor man, comparatively. Let's hope experience has made her wise—and tender hearted when it comes to pulling hubby's purse strings.

Actresses Needed

COMES the news that more actresses are needed in the west, that every train that carries its burden of immigrants into Southern California brings its quota of young and green screen aspirants, beautiful and ugly. Along with his news it is noted that the Travellers' Aid Society is asking for more funds, making the statement that because of the movies which draw the unwary female to this part of the globe, there is double need of the Travellers' Aid society, whose representative meets all the incoming trains and heads back to home and mother many a minor child, who dreams she is a Norma Talmadge embryo, when she really belongs in the "sucker" class.



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ASTA STUDIO, 309 Fifth Ave., Dept. C.S., New York

❊ A Pretty Young Girl wanted to get ahead in the Movies—Continued from page 21

the story, but Keokuk would never stand for this film, however artistic.

So the official declared. And nobody dared to protest. The "yes chorus" struck up their aeans, and the edict went out. Bella Donna was to be a perfect lady, a little flirtatious maybe, but good at heart and more to be pitied than scorned.

You saw the result. The denatured *Bella Donna* scored one of the most complete flops of the year and Pola Negri's professional reputation suffered a body blow. And the irony of the situation is that censors in certain states have barred poor emasculated *Bella Donna*, and the Ku Klux Klan in a Southern city declared the picture "unfit to be shown publicly."

The Fate of the Hunchback

IF *The Hunchback of Notre Dame* proves the flop that the wise ones of Hollywood predict it to be, the "yes men" may be blamed for it. In the first place, Carl Laemmle was "yessed" into filming it, against his better judgment. Then Wallace Worsley was not the man to direct it. Worsley, in the opinion of many, is a man of vacillating will. For this picture, the director should have been a man who would have evolved a powerful theme and then have carried it, against hell and foul weather. But Worsley wavered in his directing at times. There are fine bits in the picture, but the story gets nowhere. And the "yessers" in his company gave him no constructive aid.

There are many directors who won't take suggestions, even if some subordinate with an artistic conscience should venture to offer some. King Baggott is considered one such.

The other day the writer watched Mr. Baggott directing little Baby Peggy, a fine little actress under proper direction.

"Emote," Baggott called, and the child walked onto the set with a fixed grin on her little face and with her head held too high. She is much too small to know camera values, being only four years old.

"Too much smile," a supporting actor suggested in an undertone.

"Her head's so high you can only see her chin," remarked a prop man.

"A pretty job for the cutter," an electrician whispered.

But nobody dared to advise the king—and another hundred feet of expensive film was wasted. Charge it to the yes blight.

Costly Shake-ups

"YES men" cost money. Carl Laemmle, whose heart is as big as his rambling

The "Yes" Blight

studio lot, is said to have received a letter from one of his nephews in Laupheim, Germany, telling of said nephew's intention of coming to the Promised Land.

"What shall I do with him?" asks Mr. Laemmle.

"Do with him? Why not make him General Manager?" And as was the case after the departure of the boy wonder, Irving Thalberg, a third general manager is brought to power in the short space of two years. Nobody has the courage to tell the mogul that organization shake-ups have wrecked many a film corporation. And when Mr. Laemmle says, "I have made a wonderful change, eh?" the answer is always "Yes".

"Yessing" Von Stroheim

ERIC VON STROHEIM was, with one exception, probably the most "yessed" man in pictures, during his rule at Universal City. Many people disliked him and everybody feared him, yet the studio butcher and baker and candlestick maker "yessed" him.

Why?

Because Von Stroheim was well into *Foolish Wives*. A million and a half was tied up in the picture that was to make an actor and break everybody else connected with it. If Von Stroheim should get his Austrian temper up and quit—blooie, Laemmle's million and a half! Stroheim the director might quit and another man take his place. But if Stroheim the star should quit, who could take his place? The whole picture would have to be shot over.

And so hundreds of thousands of dollars drifted through Von Stroheim's fingers while he busily established himself before the American public. His picture might have been acceptable to Continental tastes which enjoy drama with a gamey flavor; it was utterly abhorrent to American minds, even in the comparatively purged state in which it reached the public. If somebody had had the courage—and the authority—to say "no" to his majesty the Austrian, *Foolish Wives* might have been a success instead of a financial flop, the memory of which brings bitter tears to Laemmle's eyes even now.

Was It Temper or Temperament?

DID George Fitzmaurice leave Lasky's because he had to "yes" Pola Negri? We wonder. People who worked with Pola say that she had Fitzmaurice cowed the first week she worked with him.

And everybody else on the lot, too. Tales went out of her fiery temper, her arrogance, her tongue that cut like a two-edged sword. But perhaps it was not temper, but temperament. A musician who worked on her set for two months created a sensation by declaring that he liked Pola. And Pola herself says that the unfortunate first impression was caused by misunderstanding.

"I understand Americans now," says Pola. "The next picture I work in, I shall throw my arms about the electrician's neck and say, 'Oh, what beautiful lights you make!'"

"A 'No' Man Wanted"

STARS who are "yessed" by their directors sometimes suffer by it. Mary Pickford, who is queen on her own lot, knows this. In the past she has been directed by men who were afraid of her. She could always boss them. With deliberate intent, Mary picked for her most pretentious picture a man whom she could not boss, Ernst Lubitsch.

Mary Pickford is a wise little woman.

Lubitsch "yesses" nobody, unless he believes an affirmative is right. On the other hand, he does not like to be "yessed" consistently. Two heads are better than one, he thinks, and asks for constructive criticism from competent critics.

Oh, for more directors who will take a "no" when it is coming to them! And oh, for one who will dare to say "no" when a "no" is needed!

In *Jazzmania*, director Robert Leonard might have told his wife that though her dancing is attractive, one step is overdone if continued for several hundred feet of film. Also he might have informed Mae Murray that she should not divide sympathy by having three leading men where only one was logical. Was it because she likes plenty of attractive men and no women for background for her dainty self? Or because she cannily divided footage among the three men, Robert Leonard, Rod La Roque and Edward Burns. There's safety in numbers, perhaps she thinks.

Too Much Snow

WHY didn't somebody tell Harry Beaumont that the snowflakes that fell in *Main Street* were so large that they must have been custom-made from Heaven? Did nobody dare?

Why didn't at least one of Cecil B. DeMille's thirty-five assistants tell him that *Adam's Rib* was farcical? That

from Hollywood

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The Brain Bootlegger

(Continued from page 17)

submit stories while employed as read-
ers. This mitigates the opportunity to
advance in the writing profession by
using some other chap's ideas.

Lack of system in handling incoming
scripts, is often cause for accusations of
stealing. No studio can beg to be ex-
cused for carelessness and a system cer-
tainly prevents lawsuits. The careless
studio creates enemies in every little
town the country over and fails to get
manuscripts from established authors
because they won't run chances of hav-
ing manuscripts lost. The best studios
are now equipped with fireproof filing
cabinets. Each manuscript is registered
when it arrives. After it has been read,
a letter is either sent to the author to
discuss terms of purchase or else the
story is returned with a rejection slip.

One company, well known throughout
the industry for careless methods, pur-
chased a story from an author about
four years ago. With dozens of others
bought at that time, it was eventually
chucked away on a high shelf to gather
dust. Lately, when a new editor joined
the company and found his desk heaped
with letters of complaint about lost
manuscripts, he ordered that high shelf
be cleared off so that he could see what
was up there. No one remembered
whether the scripts were owned by the
company or not so the author who had
sold his story four years before, re-
ceived it back with a rejection slip! He
had a good laugh over it and sold the
story to a rival company.

Another writer, knowing the careless
methods of this same studio, boasts he
sells the same story to them every three
years without even changing the names
of the characters!

How to Protect Your Scripts

THE first lawsuits concerned copy-
righted books and plays. As movies
were unheard of a quarter of a century
ago, copyrights and picture rights
seemed quite separate. However, all
big publishing houses made a desperate
scramble to see their lawyers and have
papers drawn up to protect them in the
matter of moving picture rights. They
also discovered that special contracts
have to be written for almost every
book and play purchased, for some pub-
lishers release the rights for England
but not for the United States and vice
versa. Some are sold on "world's
rights" basis "forever and ever" and
some for a period of years and only in
certain countries.

The public expends much energy in
adapting well known books for the
screen and gets very peeved if the

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of the whole book.

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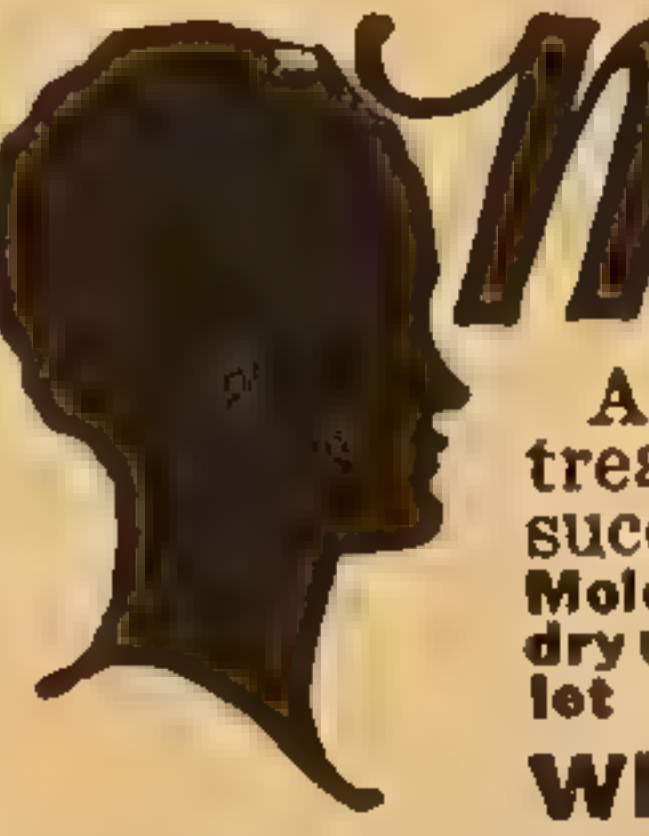
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The Brain Bootlegger

studio returns these adaptations and films the book. If the book is uncopyrighted, why should the studio pay some outside author to put it in shape for production? If it is copyrighted, the public cannot use it without paid permission any more than the studio. Some authors get into trouble by submitting their own magazine stories for the screen. This is because they neglected to demand "screen rights withheld" when the story was sold to the magazine. One author sued a studio for leaving his name off the screen. Another who didn't like the volcanic changes made in his book sued a company for putting his name on the screen. Another author who didn't like the way a company adapted his story was allowed to buy it back again and sell it elsewhere.

As for studio story stealing—there will always be some refined pilfering as long as human beings exist and until the film world is populated with perfect angels. However, the majority of studios and studio executives do not want to use anything not honestly purchased. And the dishonest executives have been quite thoroughly scared by lawsuits. But the clever author will still use reasonable precaution. If no magazine purchases his story, he has some legal protection by having the manuscript printed. Or he can send a duplicate copy to the Author's League (if he is a member) or mail a duplicate copy to himself, which proves in a court of law that he is the author of the story in question.

One author, during the heyday plot—swiping days, used to paste an ominous looking gold seal on the front page of his script. The seal bore some unintelligible Latin words which seemed to imply that the author belonged to a league of protection. He also used typewritten words across the top of the script to this effect "registered Washington, D. C. bureau patents and copyrights May 5—no infringements permitted etc. etc." All of which didn't mean a darn thing! And yet, at the studio, it was quite as valuable a "hands off" sign as anyone has ever devised!

Page Twenty
tells the story of the
Yes Blight
and the Yes Blight tells
the story of Movies
that Flop

Don't Skip Page Twenty

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The Corner of Last Hope—Continued from page 24

Comedy may not be the sweetest word e'er spoken in an extra's ear by a casting agency, but it has saved many a poor devil from starvation. As a 'First Chance,' Comedy is the champion life-saver of Hollywood. The inexperienced Handsome Harry and the amateur Dolly Dimples who have come out to California to make their fame and fortune are often glad of a chance to receive a bucket of muddy scrub water on their permanent waves—for a check for five dollars looms as large as the national debt.

If 'First Chance' were merely a pleasant little service station on the way to the city of Fame-and-Fortune, in the country of Drama, the profession would not kick at all. But it so seldom is anything but a jumping-off place.

The Jumping-off Place

THE apologetic air with which an extra acknowledges that she is "in comedy" is as nothing compared with the evasion and the blushes which accompany the admission on the part of a former dramatic star that she is now "in comedy." It is bad form to ask a comedy actor or actress what the play is all about. As Billie Rhoades said when asked what she is doing now, "I don't know. We never know what a comedy is about or what its name is until it's finished."

A comedy star never forces the word 'star' down your throat. She is simply 'in comedy,' and the less said about it the better. Certain names which become household words—among the children at least—belong to players who will reluctantly admit that they are 'starring in comedy,' but they don't lose a breath before telling you the plans their company has for putting out five-reel features and 'super-comedies.'

How Monty Banks was Cured

MONTY BANKS is one comedy star who seems content to let the rest of the world emote without envying it too much. Monty tells a sad tale of trying to make features. His director and he had the bright idea of making a five-reeler at the price of a two-reeler, and of putting a real story in it. He admits that it was good—too good! They couldn't place it! A two-reel Monty Banks comedy finds a ready market. But what on earth would an exhibitor do with a five reeler? It's too long to slip into the program as a comedy, and the name isn't well known enough to justify the exhibitor in mak-

ing a Monty Banks five-reeler as the feature of his program. And if he did so far forget good showmanship, what would he use as a two-reeler to round out the program? Not another comedy! The audience would be sick of laughing if asked to chortle through seven reels of fun.

"The day of the two-reel comedy is not over. It's getting a new lease on life," Monty vows. "The features these days are so morbid and 'realistic' and shocking and try so hard to make the audience *think* that it is really a welcome relief to relax and giggle over a two-reel comedy, that doesn't ask you to solve any problems, or which doesn't chide you for not having read the book on which it was founded. Everybody that hasn't read 'Trilby' feels a little guilty. To announce that you're going to see it calls forth a lot of questions as to whether you think they will leave out that snappy episode of the Englishman taking his bath, or whether they will let Trilby go barefoot. You don't know! And you squirm! But a glance at Charlie Chaplin and Harold Lloyd comedy—nobody expects you to know anything about it or think or do anything else but *enjoy* it! No wise cracks now! People do enjoy comedies!"

Perhaps. Anyway, there are few comedy stars who give us the same argument as Monty Banks. Most of them are like Buster Keaton—hellbent on getting out of two-reelers into features. A comedy star may be a star until the cows come home, but it means nothing, it lifts no pall of gloom from his esthetic soul. He must be a star in features, or they can just take him out and bury him, for all he cares. Buster Keaton has been one of our sure-fire two-reel boys. But he cast a frozen glance at Charlie Chaplin and Harold Lloyd and the iron of envy entered his soul. He too would be the main prop of the program. He tried it once in 'The Saphead' and failed. He's all primed to try it again, he says—going to make five-reelers; nay, he won't stop there, even. If Harold Lloyd can make seven reels seem like three, then Buster can, too!

Yes, it seems like it automatically takes the curse off a comedy to stretch it out to five or six or seven reels. Even four. Chaplin padded a two-reeler, which he made in his off hours, into four, and 'The Pilgrim' headed the bill. But the public went away slightly puzzled and somewhat dissatisfied.

There is no more respected man in the business than Harold Lloyd—comedy star. But it was not until he graduated out of the feature-chaser

class into the main squeeze of the program that he won this universal respect. There is just some sort of public complex against warming up to the hero or heroine of a two-reeler.

The Comedy Kindergarten

HARKING back to Mack Sennett, his school for bathing beauties was in reality the only college for cinema girls that has ever graduated any pupils into drama. Mack should be given a public vote of thanks for the stiff course he gave to such twinklers of the drama firmament as Gloria Swanson, Mary Thurman, Marie Prevost, Mabel Normand, Harriet Hammond, Alice Lake—when we started that list we thought it was going to be awfully long and impressive. But lo, we see the reverse sign looming up, 'Last Chance'. Of the list, Gloria Swanson is still going strong in drama—or rather in clothes—and Mary Thurman gets a good part now and then. But Mabel Normand has already seen the handwriting on the wall, and Alice Lake, since she lost her bathing beauty figger, is not making any exhibitors burn the wires up ordering the pictures in which her name is occasionally seen in "all star casts." Marie Prevost as a dramatic actress is a luscious bathing beauty—and much as it hurts us to admit it, seeing as how we like Marie and all that—that is about as far as she will ever go.

For Marie has only two expressions—a cunning babyish, gleeful smile, and a cunning, babyish pout. And Marie is getting to be a big girl now and ought to learn better. She missed the chance of a lifetime to emote in *Brass* and steal the picture—not worth enough to get her a charge of grand larceny, but still a nice little bit of shoplifting if she could have pulled it off. But she only giggled and pouted, just as she giggled and pouted in Mack Sennett comedies.

Harriet Hammond, one of the prettiest girls in Hollywood, has been bandied about since she forsook Sennett, but has still not done anything which we can remember at the moment.

Betty Compson was an Al Christie comedy favorite when George Laone Tucker did his famous Balboa stunt. Alas, Betty is still living on memories of 'The Miracle Man.' Living down as good a picture as that is a hopeless task. Now Betty has gone to London, where some clever director may catch the same spiritual quality that Tucker capitalized. Then again he may not. Is the long trail leading Betty back to 'Last Chance'? If so, the angels will weep.

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